

# SPRING Punch

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Venice

Punch, April 13 1960



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\*For overseas rates see page 536.

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## The London Charivari

THREE months ago *Punch* devoted almost an entire issue to a report by Kaye Webb and Ronald Searle on the plight of refugees in Austria, Greece and Italy, and readers responded generously to an appeal made on behalf of the World Refugee Year. The United Kingdom Committee's objective of £2 million has been achieved, but there are still 110,000 refugees in desperate need in Europe alone and the original target has now been doubled.

Another opportunity to contribute to the fund is provided by the publication, on April 14, of a Penguin book, *Refugees 1960*. It contains more than forty Searle drawings and a revised text by Mrs. Searle, and all proceeds, apart from production costs, will go to the United Kingdom Committee. This moving human documentary costs two-and-sixpence.

### The Church Militant

SOMEHOW nothing brought out for me the quality of events in South Africa quite like the flight of the



Bishop of Johannesburg. In Communist-dominated Central European states bishops are locked up by the

police for maintaining their principles in defiance of the edicts of the government, but one hadn't thought of it happening in the British Commonwealth. (You can hardly count Archbishop Makarios, who is a politician first and a prelate second.) Perhaps this explains the unwonted reticence of Archbishop Joost de Blank in Cape Town. He's probably under house arrest with a blond moron of a policeman standing guard outside with a sjambok.

### Vive le Président!

EVERYONE, whatever they thought of his politics, was glad to see General de Gaulle in London last



week; but some of the London papers went oddly adrift in their excess of adulation. The *Evening Standard's* contents bills said DE GAULLE: FLIES IN PICTURE, though in the pictures they printed there were no flies to be seen; and the *Evening News* went to town about "the familiar lean figure of the old warrior," though their photograph on the front page was nicely calculated to show the old warrior's forty-inch waistline. "Lean in parts" was the characteristically generous comment heard in this office.



"If you want any help, dear, Percy Trower's on TV."

### Help!

SO the rate of breakdowns on M1 now runs at well over a thousand a month. This highway is only some seventy miles long. Some day we may have a thousand miles of motorway, when presumably the number of breakdowns will be around 15,000; or more likely 30,000, since enthusiasts will have more scope for burning out their engines and there will be twice as many cars anyway. What interests me is how the Automobile Association proposes to cope with distress calls on this scale. It sounds more like a rescue operation for the United Nations.

### Any Abhorred Shears to Mend?

THE Registrar-General expects the preponderance of women over men in Britain to drop from the present figure of 1,500,000 to a paltry half-million by 1999. This is forecasting on almost an Qld Moore scale. They aren't born yet, a lot of these notional surplus women, nor can their survival hazards be foretold. In a century of mounting occupational disease who may not fall an early victim to such barely explored lethal influences as stiletto heel-tappers' syndrome, wigwearer's trichosis, *Mousetrap* last-nighters' senescence, or Marples pavement vertigo? Nor can the assassination factor be ignored if by then women are holding top Cabinet rank.

### All in the Day's March

I AM not sure that the organizers of the Aldermaston March will be wise in allowing their marchers to peel off at Slough and protest to the South African cricketers, who'll be arriving at London Airport on Sunday, about *apartheid*. I suppose the organizers can't actually stop them, but they could be a bit more discouraging. However passionately the demonstrators feel about both causes, this sudden divagation will add a hint of frivolity to their protests. Before they know where they are Mr. Butlin will be announcing a Round Britain Protest March, calling at the Channel Tunnel, Notting Hill, Rutland, Fylingdales, a Lancashire cotton-mill, Snowdonia, Harwell, Slough (for the anti-Uglies) and finishing at the German Embassy.

### Progress

A GENTLEMAN from New Jersey has solved one of the major problems of ship launching by marketing a champagne-less champagne bottle guaranteed to break on impact and to emit a foaming chemical just like the real thing. It is said to be selling well in the States, where launchings appear to have been bedevilled for years by feeble or over-excited women incapable of smacking a genuine champagne bottle hard enough against the bows. The bottle is encased in a kind of string



"Reminds me, Ayub. How much aid did Mr. K. offer YOU?..."

502

### Presenting the Critics: a new illustrated feature begins on page 529.

vest, to catch the broken glass, and its contents are non-alcoholic and "will not stain clothing or injure boat finishes." Good luck to it and all who trade in it, coupled with a passing regret that when the project was first launched nobody broke a bottle of genuine champagne over the manufacturer's head.

### Simple Cookery

SELDOM can such a hilarious notion have been put forward in the field of British politics as Sir Oswald Mosley's suggestion that at the last general election some of the North Kensington ballot boxes were spirited away (by "experienced burglars") between the polling station and the count at Kensington Town Hall, and fake boxes substituted. If anyone was determined to call in crooks to fudge the result, I'd have thought it would have been easier simply to get some experienced forgers to drop in a handful of forged votes. Or possibly—since the result of this particular contest was a win for the Socialists—it would have been enough to ensure that the returning officer's staff were well salted with experienced members of the E.T.U.

### A Little Bit of Ireland

AN American brewer has pulled off what is described as a smart public relations coup by buying an acre of Ireland, dividing it into foot-square lots and presenting the title deeds to some 30,000 grateful recipients, mostly Irish barmen in New York. This is better, I suppose, than offering Scots islands as quiz prizes, but not much. I wonder whether there is an idea here for preventing Ministries from grabbing beauty spots. Partition them, on paper, into millions of lots and distribute the deeds among exiles from China to Peru. Then let Whitehall unscramble *that!* — MR. PUNCH

### The Budget

The advertisements in this issue of *Punch* were printed before the Budget, which may have affected the prices quoted. You should make sure from your retailer or from the advertiser direct what is the present correct price.





SACRIFICIAL STONES



## AMERICAN

## ATTITUDES

*This week's commentator on some popular misconceptions about the United States is Professor of Political Science at Cambridge and author of numerous books on American affairs*

### 3 THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH — By D. W. BROGAN

FOR at least a hundred years past the Americans have been complaining that Europeans, above all British observers of the American scene, don't take American politics seriously. These caddish characters (or so the Americans think) regard American political life, especially an American Presidential election, as a raree show. In vain one points to the European scholars and thinkers, Toqueville, Bryce, Atkinson, who have studied with care, respect, and penetration the American way of life in its political and social aspects. The American still protests that the British view of an American election is a combination of a Cup Final and the crowning of Miss Wensleydale Cheese. Since Americans regard their Presidential election as a quadrennial repetition of what Hegel called "the step of God in the world," they get irritated and remain angry. They notice, for example, that *Punch*, when it has directed its attention to American politics, has tended to stress the more risible aspects of this great democratic process.

The most eminent *Punch* commentator on the American scene, Sir Alan Herbert, used the Presidential election of 1928 to let his famous character Topsy express her views on the American way of life. Topsy, as old dodderers like myself will remember, was "all for Al," that is to say she was for Al Smith against Mr. Herbert Hoover whom she unkindly described as a "perfect paperweight of a man." It is likely that Sir Alan Herbert's heroine was biased in favour of Governor Smith by the fact that he was against Prohibition while Mr. Hoover (who was in fact elected President), in an unfortunate and much misquoted phrase, had committed himself to the view that Prohibition was "an experiment noble in purpose." It is unlikely that Sir Alan Herbert or Topsy or the average reader of *Punch* devoted any thought to the serious topics then confronting the American people. (I can't remember what they were, but they must have existed.)

America was a funny country in which people could solemnly profess belief in Prohibition as they swilled their bootleg liquor. It was a country in which Mr. Al Capone cancelled out Mr. Herbert Hoover in that delicious Alsatia of gangsters, booze, machine guns and sex which has recently been recalled to us by Mrs. Arthur Miller in the movie *Some Like it Hot*. (The wisecrack that "an egghead is someone who calls Miss Marilyn Monroe Mrs. Arthur Miller" was launched by me during the Democratic convention of 1956 in a bar in Chicago. It was stolen from me by various deep thinkers, but I now reassert my claim to parentage.)

What can we do to soothe our American cousins who are irritated by our frivolous attitude to their political activities? We could, of course, select all that has been said by people like Sir Alan Herbert, but for one slight difficulty. Any American election, and above all any American *Presidential* election, has a great deal of the character of a circus parade plus a beauty competition plus an Espresso bar conventicle. What tends to be lacking is the high seriousness of a *New Statesman* or *Left Review* exemplification of the democratic process. A visitor from Mars or from Sweden might well be scandalized as he contemplates candidates, six months before the final election, shaking hands with housewives in New Hampshire, kissing babies in Wisconsin, winning the beatnik vote of San Francisco's North Beach, or even the beatnik vote of Los Angeles's Venice Beach where the marijuana fumes rise through the smog among the palm trees. The most reserved, erudite, All Souls types, like Mr. Adlai Stevenson, must play this game. They are lucky if they get away with being initiated into only one Indian tribe or escape from having to decide between one talented female in a white bathing suit and another.

The Conventions which nominate the candidates for "the greatest electoral office in the world" (a view not accepted in

the Vatican City), are, in fact, one of the last surviving examples of the comic side of democracy. They are not a bit like the Labour Party at Blackpool or the Conservative Party at Brighton. For one thing, they cost a great deal more money. The host city promises to provide accommodation (interpreted very generously) in the fond hope that the delegates will spend enough in hotels, bars, and department stores to make the investment pay off. Having attended a good many of these extravaganzas, I can report that it is the opinion of barmen that a Democratic Convention is a much better investment than a Republican Convention. It is true that Republican delegates are usually better heeled than Democratic delegates. But Democratic delegates are less victims of the tightwad complex. Republicans are rich because they are not, on the whole, free spenders. Indeed, looking at Republican delegates one wonders why they have bothered to come to Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco when one sees that they get so little pleasure out of it. But the barmen, a group of sociologists whom I have been forced for professional reasons to consult quite frequently, assert that even Democrats compare very unfavourably with Elks as spenders, and that Republicans would be regarded as on the narrow side in Aberdeen (Scotland).

Let us put aside, for a moment, these odious questions of generosity and narrowness. What are the delegates trying to do? They are trying to find a candidate who can be presented to the American people as a national figure. Since the United States is a very large country and a very diverse country there may be no national figures available. If this is so, they have to be invented. So we have the whole range of gimmicks utilized to create a forced-draft demand for a national hero whom the vast majority of the American people have never heard of before. Some of the candidates thus produced and put on the market are so implausible that the most fantastic legends grow up of how they were nominated. Thus the late Warren Gamaliel Harding was nominated, as a famous phrase put it, "in a smoke-filled room." The phrase made history; but I can only report, having hung around a good many rooms of this type in the last twenty or thirty years, that American politicians don't seem to smoke as much as they used to do; and if they drink as much as they used to do, they now drink vodka. "I never touch whisky during a Convention," said an eminent practising politician to me in 1956. "I drink vodka. It doesn't stain the breath, and I'm really an alcoholic." But the Conventions are not as much fun as they used to be. TV has taken away the fine



"I don't think any of the blighters have come in their cars."





free-wheeling atmosphere of these great democratic assemblies. The delegates, and, above all, the candidates, know that the eye of the TV operator is upon them, that people in their home-towns can spot them sleeping, scratching, making passes, and, in other ways, betraying the American way of life. No longer can a great statesman relax among his peers. Too many million viewers are in on the act. Of course most of the real business is done in rooms which are not smoke-filled or at any rate not under the TV eye. But the TV commentators are quick to point out that Senator X and Governor Y have suddenly vanished from the floor and are probably off somewhere up to no good. Political nature in the raw, as revealed on the third or fourth day of an American Convention, is pretty rough. Once the idea that you can be a candidate has entered an American politician's head it is impossible to get it out. I have seen and listened, with kindly sympathy, to a candidate holding forth on the inevitability of his nomination at a moment when everybody knew, except him, that the nomination was in the bag, and for somebody else. Nowhere, except possibly in the savage politics of Oxford and Cambridge, is the vanity of human wishes more obviously displayed than in American political Conventions. But time must have a stop. The money of the parties and the money of the delegates runs out, and nowadays the TV chains decide when the public has had enough and pass on their suggestions, which are nearly commands, to the political G.H.Q.

A candidate is chosen, and, except in the case of somebody outside the normal order of things like General Eisenhower,

the American people have to be shown who it is who claims their suffrage. Until the last two elections the method used to "sell" a candidate was the "campaign train." Each candidate moved around the country in a very long and crowded special train full of newspaper men living it up on their papers' expense account. The candidate himself lived in a special car with his own staff of witch doctors, augurs, and flatterers, all of them telling him that his election was certain. At every "whistle stop," every small station, local politicians came aboard to receive the benediction of the candidate and to give advice, always listened to, seldom acted on. It was my good fortune to cover the campaign of 1948, the last classical campaign, and thus not only see a great many parts of the United States that nobody but anthropologists had previously visited, but to see the last great master of the barnstorming style, Harry S. Truman, in action. His opponent, Governor Dewey of New York, convinced that the election was in the bag, went through the motions like a London star performing at a charity show in the provinces. But President Truman played every part at even the most obscure villages with a fervour, a conviction, a histrionic zeal worthy of Vincent Crummies that made everybody on his train, including me, laugh heartily at so much waste motion. We laughed on the other side of our faces when Mr. Truman got elected—to the surprise of everybody but himself.

Alas, we shall never see his like or his campaign's like again. Television and the aeroplane have ruined the old campaign style. Since you are going to see the candidate on the TV screen at home or in a bar, why turn out at the local station



to see him in the flesh? I have seen General Eisenhower arrive in a large city to be received by a crowd that would have been thought barely adequate for a junior Minister in this country. But on TV millions saw him and listened to him even if they didn't turn out in person. And the politicians who joined the old campaign trains, whose faults and follies created such a body of unprintable legend, can't hop aboard the candidate's plane. The campaigns, now run by advertising experts, dominated by the needs and techniques of TV, with candidates covering a thousand miles a day by plane, have lost their old circus-cum-girly-show flavour. The great American people is no longer treated to a prolonged siege of its affections recalling, in some ways, the amorous approaches of Mr. Harpo Marx. A candidate dare not improvise today as Mr. Truman so happily used to do. His carefully rewritten, sanitized, depth-oriented discourses are too sacred and scientific to be tampered with. If there is anything wrong with the current American Presidential campaign it is solemnity, and President Eisenhower has imported more solemnity into American politics than would have seemed possible.

But he will not be running this year, and—who knows?—perhaps human nature and human folly will be too much even for the advertising man and for TV. I hope so, for I propose, despite the depressing experience of 1956, to inspect this campaign, hoping against hope that it will justify the old traditional European belief that at least half of American politics is a circus show. What of it? It used to be "the greatest show on earth."

For, unless the American politicians can make elections part of a great show in competition with so many other diversions, the American voter will stay at home even more than he does, for the American citizen is not terribly patriotic as a voter. Normally, only about half of the electorate cast their sacred ballot, and our figures of nearly 80 per cent participations in elections fill sober American citizens with respectful envy. But there is something to be said for the idle American voter. He is asked to vote too much and too often. If we throw in the primaries in which candidates are chosen there is an election going on somewhere in America in nearly every month of most years and, in the Presidential year, there is an accumulated mass of elections from the choice of local dog-catcher to that of President of the United States. In many states the good citizen has not only to choose a President, Governor, a Senator, Congressman, State Legislators, Mayors, Councillors, etc. etc.; he often has to vote on a great many constitutional amendments proposed by state politicians. Thus, in 1952, I weighed the documents issued to voters in the city of San Francisco to enable them to do their duty. Printed on flimsy paper in bad type, the official guide to the good citizen's duty weighed nearly a pound and would have taken a highly educated reader several days to master. No wonder there must be a lot of ballyhoo to get the average voter to go through an ordeal like passing into the higher Civil Service.

No, the show is part of the job, and when the American people cease to mingle good clean fun with their duty as citizens the Republic will be really in danger. It is in no danger at the moment.

**Further contributors:** Malcolm Bradbury, Ian Nairn, Alistair Cooke, Thomas Griffith, Emily Hahn, Vance Packard, Harrison Salisbury.

## The Antisocial Climber

*The journal of the Communist Youth Organization has attacked the "drunkenness and depravity" of young mountaineers at Krasnoyarsk, Siberia.*

COMRADES, leave me just a little  
For the climb at Krasnoyarsk:  
Thanks, I'll keep the bottle. It'll  
Help me in my ticky trask . . .

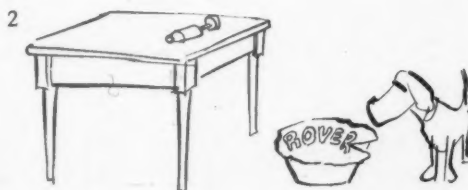
Tricky task . . . of being quick up  
These sombylic mountain heights;  
And, if you should hear a hiccup,  
Blame those two Stakhanovites.

Only one? How most unsatis . . .  
Never mind. My path is straight  
(Odeologically, that is)—  
Isn't this a splendid state?

Look at me, I'm deviating!  
Going bourgeois has its shocks,  
But it's somehow elevating,  
Drinking vodka on the rocks.

— ANTHONY BRODE

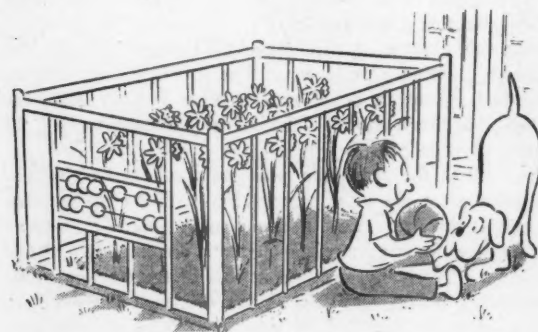
## Man in Apron by *Lamy*.





"Our three and a half million readers have a right to see it!"

## APPROACHES TO SPRING



"I don't see why he shouldn't have his fling. He only gets about ten clear days between his 'flu and his hay fever."



"Yes, yes, you'll get your tax rebate just as if you'd been married in church."



"If you ask me, some young men's fancy can't lightly turn to thoughts of anything other than a greasy smelly old motor-bike."



"Well, if you're *QUITE* sure you can spare them, Mr. Kimble. They're *BEAUTIFUL*."



"Hello, dear. Spring cleaning?"



"Roll on November, I say."

Eric Burdgin





### "Own Goal"

"WHOSE side does he think he's on?" asked an aggrieved Tory backbencher after the Chancellor's Budget speech. The question was also echoed in the City, somewhat shocked by the combined impact of the higher profits tax, the golden handshake transmuted to baser metal and the vanishing emoluments of hobby farming and dividend stripping.

The Chancellor was playing for safety—political as well as economic—and on one score at least, that of keeping the economy on a reasonably even keel, he must be given fairly high marks. To the Parliamentary critics who demand that something much more generous was needed, the retort is that they should make their stand when expenditure is discussed and fixed. Having willed the ends of more schools, hospitals, nuclear weapons, roads, bankrupt railway systems and the rest, we must somehow find the means. Let it be agreed that our budgetary system is cock-eyed and that a government, like an individual or a private organization, ought to decide what it can afford to spend and then fit the details of its expenditure within that total. Here again it is up to the parliamentary critics of high taxation to start the necessary revolution and also to decide and declare out loud what items of expenditure they wish to cut.

The Stock Exchange has been momentarily dazed by the Budget. The main deterrent to the City was not, however, what the Chancellor did but the uncertainty conjured up by the few words in which he threatened to restrain the expansion of private credit. Whatever Mr. Amory and his partners in Threadneedle Street may have in mind, whether it be a return to hire-purchase credit restrictions or a call of "special deposits" from the commercial banks, it is the uncertainty which is weighing on markets. We are back in the days of psychological warfare.

For the markets there were a few crumbs and even drops of comfort to be

derived from the minor concessions that were squeezed out of the reluctant Chancellor. For example, there are the lower duties on heavy wines. These, said the Chancellor grudgingly, are not concessions he would have made on this occasion; they were more or less forced on him by the Portuguese who had to be given some incentive to make them sign the Convention of the European Free Trade Association. Let us not, however, look the gift horse in the mouth, or quibble at its precise ancestry. The fact remains that port and sherry have come down in price and that the fall in duty on heavy wines has brought down with it the duty on château bottled and sparkling wines—and this appropriately in time to toast President de Gaulle in London.

This unintended but none the less welcome gift should bring additional business and profit to the big shippers of port and sherries. These include

Sandeman, J. Harvey, and William & Humbert, each of whose shares have risen. The most spectacular rise in this section of the market has occurred in the shares of United Wine Traders. The lower duties apply to heavy wines made in this country and Vine Products shares have moved up accordingly.

There has been very little market reaction so far to the unexpected and unkind rise in the tobacco duties. The phlegm of the market is probably justified. The deterrent to smoking induced by the extra "2d. on twenty" will not last very long—perhaps a fortnight for the really strong-minded, a week for the average protester and not even a day for the great smoking mass of this affluent society of ours. If such shares as Imperial Tobacco, BATS, Gallaher and Phillips show any real sign of wilting they should be worth buying for a quick rebound.

— LOMBARD LANE

### In the Country



### Private, Keep Out

WHEN we rented the ten-acre field with its access to a main coastal road it was winter. The first time we saw it, there was only one car, a slick drophead coupé, drawn up outside. The driver leaned out of the window and asked us to give him a push. His lady friend stood in her high heels looking as though the mud were our responsibility and making no effort to help. From the spinning of the pavement-accustomed wheels we received a liberal spattering of mud all over, but we heaved the car on to the road; then the female got in and they drove away without another word.

That was the start of the battle.

By Easter the green of the verge was lined with cars and by Whitsun you couldn't get in or out of the gate. A PRIVATE notice had no effect whatever and soon the young wheat near the gate was badly trampled and there were

signs of cars having been driven right in. Three rows of barbed wire above the gate and a padlock and chain preserved the rest of the crop from ruin.

Along the tarmac approach to the gate the litter grew higher—newspapers, ice cream wrappers, cigarette cartons, assorted peel and, worst of all, broken bottles. Whole bottles could have been collected but they were always left in smithereens so that farm machinery had to be equipped with a broom. Larger items of rubbish, often very large, were thrown over the gate or left in the hedge. Before August Bank Holiday the Rural District Council erected a row of litter baskets along the verge and were they overflowing on a Sunday evening? Most of them were empty.

One fine August Saturday we were harvesting the wheat. Every time the trailer was towed to the gate to collect full sacks from the combine, there was a motor-cycle combination or other vehicle with picnic spread in all directions, parked across the entry. Finally an elderly couple, spending the day in the shade of an oak tree near by, offered to act as guardians to our entrance, keeping it free from obstruction which, to our gratitude, they did.

When we put the steers into the ten-acre field this summer there'll have to be another notice; I haven't yet decided between DANGEROUS CATTLE and BULLS, KEEP OUT. These townies, they don't understand our language.

— P. ELLIOTT







*The age-old custom of beating the balm cake at Abbots Dawdling.*



## OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE

*We like to imagine the Americans thinking sentimentally of the British ancestors from whom they derive their language, their culture, their tea-bags. Actually it is the British who should be looking gratefully to the Americans for their enduring influence on our way of life*

### Executive Suite Talk

ENGLAND'S stuffy business life is being animated by gusts of fresh air blown in on trade winds from the west. What is the brand image of the Rich Brother figure we do so well to wish to imitate?

The successful American business man is, by evolution, small-pored, deodorized, homogenized, mouth-washed, denture-happy. He is freshly pressed and laundered. He cultivates good health. (The old "double ulcer" look is out. The "ten-hours-sleep-last-night-without-pills" look is in.) In London he gives the impression that he has come straight from Claridge's or the Connaught, in a chauffeured limousine with a flag on its bonnet, and that he pays everything with credit cards, alimonies included. He aims at a sun-tan in February. That means Nassau. A tan in July need only mean Cannes.

For what we have received we should express our thanks to America on five main fronts, categorically:

**Office Furnishings.** We owe to America the electric typewriter that makes the most casual letter seem printed, impersonal and ultimate. Also the director's office that has no desk . . . just some comfortable chairs, a flock of telephones, a concealed dictaphone, a concealed secretary, fitted carpet, two *ficus* plants, an aquarium with lit frilly fish, and a refrigerator built into the

wall to house the martini fixings, plus the glasses, which otherwise would be too warm. An office habit that we English have not yet in any numbers copied from Americans is the black jug-shaped Thermos on the table. No Englishman has discovered what is in these flasks, but some suspect an ever-warm mixture of black bean soup and vodka, waiting to be consumed with compatriots on Washington's birthday.

One of the finest business reception rooms in London is in an American office in Mayfair. Its enormous walls are covered in tooled leather, and outside, beyond double French windows which tune out the traffic and keep in the air-conditioned warmth, is an open-air terrace with a big Henry Moore statuary group. To sit in the reception, warm, waiting for the secretary of the man you've come to see, and to watch the cold rain lashing the sculpture, is to bless man-made weather and the dollar patronage of English artists and architects.

Flowers in the executive suite are bought, arranged and kept watered by contract. Flowers must never look as though they had come from a private garden. To ensure the correct, flower-shop-window, bought look, office flowers should be countable in exact dozens.

**Personal Appearance.** The spotless light topcoat or mackintosh is in. Americans in uniform here have, in the

last nearly 20 years, killed off the Englishman's dirty mackintosh. Before the war the filthy old masculine mac was an honourable possession. It suggested afternoons at Brooklands with Woolf Barnato, or Equitation at Weedon, or a private Puss Moth at Hanworth. Raincoat makers and dry-cleaners are grateful, as we should be, that the Americans' example has influenced our wives to make us give up both our dirty macs and our foolish fantasies about them.

The London business man has, for his trips into hot climates, sensibly adopted the American silk suit and near-silk dinner jacket. But he has not yet completely taken to galoshes in wet weather. He still thinks they look silly. He must fight against this tendency.

**Attaché Cases.** The big leather semi-Gladstone will always have its backers because it suggests (a) that you are ready for a flying overnight visit to Paris, and (b) that being a follower of Senator McCarthy you have reams of lists of card-carrying Commies in the State Department, NATO or your rival firm's typing pool. But the envelope-thin black leather "pouch," zipping on three sides, is coming into popularity. It says you carry all main figures in your head, but here is an 8-figure contract, with stock-options, waiting for signature.

**Board Room Lunches.** Once the Inland Revenue ruled that quite a lot of office catering and canteenery cost was allowable (e.g. cook and butler,





full time, employed to serve lunch for a six-man Board), British business was quick to adopt American methods of corporation feeding. Just to show it is not all tax-free roistering, some City offices in London insist on the telephone standing on the lunch-table in the executive suite. But it is only a memento. The telephone girls have their orders.

**Wives.** Grant the soundness of the concept of the Organization Man, and you must grant the Organization Woman. American Big Business says "See his wife before you hire him, and keep regular tabs on her afterwards."

British Personnel Selection Officers who try to get a wife's IQ rating by subliminal application of the Roersach Inkblot Thematic Apperception Test suffer a few casualties. But these are in a good cause.

— RICHARD USBORNE

### **On the Fate of National Institutions with Latin Names**

Few of us lost a moment's rest  
When *Pax Britannica* went West.  
Then, to our everlasting shame,  
The *Encyclopædia* did the same.

## **The Supermarket Influence**

NESTLING among the rough British frontages of the grocer's, the baker's, the butcher's, the dry-cleaner's, stands the tall glass window of Foodville.

American visitors exploring the quaint purlicus of Wandsworth Road are suddenly halted as they recognize this small shoot from the old country blossoming among the unaccustomed surroundings. "Why," they say, "it's just like a little supermarket!"

And that is just what it is. Of course the proprietors of Foodville don't think of it as a *little* supermarket—they think of it as a *big* supermarket, for, as always, Britain has invested this legacy from the New World with its own touch of individuality so that it fits cosily into the homely British landscape. In tiny, close-packed Fulham there would be no place for the great, spreading stores on their vast island sites, surrounded on all sides by parking-lots, that are so familiar on the other side of the Atlantic; yet in a hundred little ways you can see how the American ancestry shines thru.

In Fulham the tidy housewives arrive not in the family's second car but on foot, accompanied it may be by a lively toddler insecurely clutched in one hand and a shiny limousine of a perambulator pushed determinedly with

the other. Into Foodville they go, releasing the toddler for a moment to seize the lightweight wheeled basket in which their purchases are to be stacked, then releasing the perambulator in order to recapture the toddler. The wheeled baskets, of course, are only of ritual significance in Britain; the long hauls of the shoppers in an American supermarket, which may stretch a full quarter-mile from Jello to men's toilet-tries, are unknown in Foodville, which runs back a bare twenty feet from the pavement, with two narrow corridors, just wide enough for one housewife to scrape past another, scooped out between the high-packed shelves of canned goods, cornflakes, detergents and toilet-paper, hardly distinguishable from each other in their close propinquity.

But a wheeled basket there must be, for otherwise how would the clerk reckon up the amount owing at the end? Nothing that is not taken out of one of these baskets counts towards the total. Sometimes an impatient housewife, bringing in the informal manners of the greengrocer's along the street, will take a pound of rice and a small tin of peas from the shelf and go to the cash-desk clutching them in her hand. It is a warming reminder of the store



of courtesy that we have inherited from the Bronx and the Bowery to see the young clerk, often a mere boy, take the packages from her hand and put them into a wire basket before taking them out again and totting up the charge. While the shopper is searching in her bag for some money, he will even repack them in the brown-paper carrier which she has brought with her but may not by custom fill with her

purchases until after the full ritual is completed which is our legacy from the United States.

It is good to see that our awareness of this priceless heritage is spreading, and the big bright neon signs—Shop-town, Superstore, Unimarket—are going up more and more in suburb and town and village to remind us of the great gifts we owe to our cousins across the Atlantic.

—B. A. YOUNG

## No Surrender

I HAD a nightmare once about the Guards. There, in his air-conditioned office in Birdcage Walk, sat the lieutenant-colonel, with a large Union Jack on a stand behind him. Neatly inscribed on his breast was the legend "The Lord Fosshampton." A non-commissioned officer entered, radiating fire from his chromium-plated helmet, stamped soundlessly on his crêpe-soled feet and said "Permission to speak, sir." The lieutenant-colonel, blinking in the radiance of the helmet, nodded affably and said "Shoot."

I do not expect this dream to come true in my lifetime. As far as I know, no British officer has yet worn his name on his breast, American-fashion, though quite a few now have their names on their desks. No British guards of honour wear chromium-plated helmets, not even the British members of the lustrous Honor Guard at Seoul.

The American influence on our Services is strictly limited. In the main it is confined to providing us with nuclear *bric-à-brac* in the shape of Honest Johns, corporals, giant scanners and so forth, along with a certain amount of esoteric know-how. This, of course, is but a passing phase, a mere diversion from bayonet practice. Most of our military traditions, like knocking off for a brew-up, remain happily un-Americanized.

True, there are juke boxes in the NAAFI alongside the beer-proof piano. True, there are units in which you collect your entire meal in sunken compartments of a tray. True, there are military barbers who, if pressed, will execute a crew cut. But they can't

teach us their "bull." We British like the glory to radiate from our feet, not from our heads.

It is true, again, that the dreadful word "sarge" has been heard in the British Army, but appropriate measures have been taken:

In the 20th/27th Royal Lancers  
The man who answers  
"OK, Sarge"  
Is put on a charge.

From time to time British soldiers are attached to American Army units. They come back pining for egg-and-chips and strong tea after an unsettling diet of turkey, ice-cream and coffee. British officers return from courses at

Fort Leavenworth or from chairborne duties at NORTHAG and SACEUR prattling ominously of logistics, infrastructure and nuclear capability, but they do not wear white bootlaces on the Queen's Birthday. I asked one of them how standardization of equipment, organization and procedure was progressing under NATO, and he laughed the insane laugh of a soldier hit on the head by a parachuted crate of anklets, web. I gathered only two things: that standardization means Americanization, and that it is being resisted with spirit.

During the war the Americans pulled a fast one over us when they rejected our military alphabet. Good old Ack Beer Charlie Don wasn't good enough for them; they had to have Able Baker Charlie Dog. All they retained, besides Charlie, were George, King, Queen (these out of respect for our deeper loyalties), Sugar, Uncle, William, X-Ray and Zebra. If they thought we were going to refer to our ack-ack as our able-able they were mistaken. And how could anyone call a dispatch rider a Dog R? It served the Americans right when the international air pilots told them their alphabet was unpronounceable and introduced Alfa Bravo Coca Delta, retaining only Victor.

I seem to remember we *did* copy the American war-time habit of putting up



"What do you know, he's made of plastic."

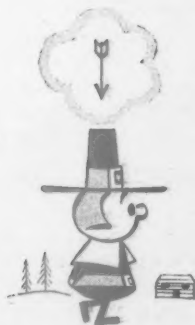


notices like "This Bridge Was Built in 24 Hours By —" and even "This Bridge Was Captured By —," but we never really had our hearts in it, or had we? Surely it was not imitation but self-defence?

Lately, people have said that the new khaki walking-out uniform introduced by Mr. Christopher Soames is American in style. Any resemblance, however, is purely coincidental. The truth is, the generals thought that their men in blues looked too like Cable and Wireless messengers and our sophisticated youth blenches at the thought of scarlet. So, for that matter, did the Treasury.

No doubt we took a leaf from the Americans when we began handing over recruiting publicity to public relations firms. (I still think the recruiting sergeants of old had the right idea when they pasted up their own notices calling on "all you with too much wife.") The other day a recruiting advertisement urged those interested to apply not to a cryptic number at the War Office but to a named major-general. This, presumably, was the personalized approach. The general, I am sure, was as embarrassed as if he had been ordered to wear his name on his battle-dress.

— E. S. TURNER



## Learn the Language

### AMERICAN PHRASE

### ENGLISH EQUIVALENT

#### In the Restaurant

<i>What in hell is this?</i>	I did not order the dish which you have brought me.
<i>Do I get tools?</i>	Please bring me knife, a fork, a spoon.
<i>Pie.</i>	Pudding, sweet.
<i>Well, I'll be goddammed!</i>	I find the licensing laws confusing.
<i>Hold the gravy.</i>	I do not require sauce, gravy, bacon-fat.
<i>You got strippers?</i>	Kindly inform me whether there will be a cabaret entertainment.
<i>Hey, Mac!</i>	Waiter!, Page!, etc. (Or, occasionally, to a stranger, "Excuse me, sir.")

#### General

<i>Are you kidding?</i>	The information you have given me is superfluous.
<i>That's for sure.</i>	You can say that again.
<i>Crazy, man, crazy.</i>	Crazy, man, crazy.
<i>Swell.</i>	Reasonably satisfactory.
<i>Unamerican.</i>	Different.
<i>Global.</i>	Extending beyond the city limits; widespread.

#### Visiting

<i>Hi!</i>	Good morning (afternoon, evening).
<i>The old man around?</i>	Is your master at home?
<i>He's on the town, lady.</i>	No, madam, he is out, and will not return until a late hour.
<i>Who's the dame?</i>	Do you know that lady?
<i>I'm working on it.</i>	I am not yet acquainted with her.
<i>I dig you the most.</i>	I am inclined to prefer your company; you send me.
<i>You certainly do have a quaint old place here.</i>	I was surprised at the absence of a shower (garbage-shute, ice-water machine, TV set, etc.) in my bedroom.
<i>My apartment is on the first floor.</i>	My room is on the ground floor.

#### Travelling

<i>Convertible.</i>	A motor-car with draughts.
<i>Hood.</i>	Bonnet.
<i>He wants we should get in line already!</i>	We have to join the queue, by gum!
<i>This is coffee?</i>	There are many points of difference between our two ways of life.
<i>What's with the cabby, for Pete's sake?</i>	The postilion has been struck by lightning.

#### Health

<i>I feel lousy.</i>	I have a cold.
<i>We all felt lousy.</i>	We all had colds.
<i>Who loused up the central heating?</i>	Kindly shut the window.
<i>You know a good psychiatrist?</i>	I have a slight headache, please bring an ambulance.

**In the Street**

*Get a load of this guy!* Who is the gentleman who is coming towards us?  
*Come again?* Please speak more slowly, with clear enunciation.

**In the Office**

*At this time.* Now.  
*Who is this speaking?* Who is that speaking?  
*Communist; Commie.* A business rival; a left-wing Democrat; a Socialist; any unpleasant person.  
*Directive.* Memo to the office boy.  
*Motivationwise.* Having regard to the reason, excuse, impulse, bribe.  
*Optimum environmental integration.* Happy home life.  
*Vice-president.* Chief clerk.  
*Rat-race.* Any lucrative calling.

—ALEX ATKINSON

**Gracious Living**

IN the matter of gracious living, it is almost impossible to overestimate our debt to America, which is where they originally roughed out the whole amazing idea anyway. (Almost the only contribution to be started over here was the coffee-bar notion, but even in the days of the Addison and Steele mob the ambiance was all too often inclined to be raffish and ungracious, and no one ever got around to selling you toothpaste and cough lozenges from behind the bar.)

The foundations of gracious living are the refrigerator (icebox to advanced students) and the bathroom, both vitally necessary in a country where central heating is widespread and ferocious. Ever quick and adaptable, the English have grasped the civilizing possibilities of this basic pattern of living, and many an owner of a nice old crumbly four-storey Victorian pile even

now has the garden full of odd bits of radiator and a lot of gaping wounds in the walls where sooner or later a man will hammer in some ironmongery, making it possible to give breakfast parties in bathing suits in January.

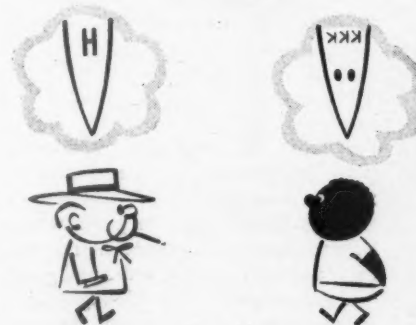
The refrigerator is essential for obtaining really glacial drinks of milk throughout the day, and also for providing the ice for the martinis and the rocks for the scotch. Many English refrigerators are heirlooms and do not make such ice except round the doors of the freezing compartment, through which it is often necessary to hack one's way with a sharp instrument. We English know, however, that ice is an important part of living, and it is customary to say "There is ice. If you want it," at the same time frowning slightly and searching about for the hammer. For really grand parties it is often possible to borrow some from next door, or order some from the fish-monger and put it in the bath.

Gracious bathrooms, with wallpaper, Empire furniture, handy bookshelves, and any amount of Aubusson, are things we are getting around to fast, and by now only one in five of the English never takes a bath at all. A great many English think continually of how super it would be to install a shower and have showers all the time right through the day and night.

By now fully mechanized push-button kitchens are an accepted feature of the English scene, and it is no

longer surprising to find a gracious Englishwoman who has completely adapted herself to the American pattern of chauffeuring children to school, husband to office, and herself to work, stopping off on the way home at the end of a killing day to buy the entire supper, for six gracious unexpected guests, in frozen packs from the supermarket and whizzing back to serve an exquisite do-it-yourself meal with a cool smile and a frilly pinny, thus in all ways saving no end of time and trouble. Scraping round the saucepan with an old bent twig is now practically speaking a thing of the past except in top beat circles and in impoverished dowager duchess society, and there is even widespread talk of dustbins in Kensington being cleared twice a week.

Open-plan American living has of course spread like wildfire to these shores, since it affords the inestimable advantage of being able to cook, play the tuba, quarrel, listen to the MJO, be together with the teenagers, answer the telephone and keep an eye on free play among the juniors at one and the same time, and makes everyone feel cosy and well-liked. Room-dividers are also a



fine thing, since besides dividing the room they are also a godsend as somewhere to rest the potted plants and dirty plates. The latest American notion is a conversation area, a sort of sunk swimming pool, without water but with all manner of cushions, in the very middle of your open-plan, so that everyone can get together and not feel so dispersed and at the mercy of enemy Indians with poison-tipped arrows. This idea is of course still in its infancy over here, and you perhaps need about an acre of open-plan living-room to get the full benefit.

English homes of the most gracious





"And this is the present duke."

kind have for some time now been fully orientalized in the American manner, with many a Noguchi lantern standing about in just the places where children and dogs somehow aim to run up and down very fast, and a multitude of floor-cushions and ankle-high black coffee tables. Englishmen do not perhaps take too readily to ground-level living, having unnaturally long legs and backs permanently crippled with English rheumatism, but the extra effort breaks down the well-known English reserve and antipathy to togetherness, and there is no doubt that we shall learn to love it in time, especially when we get the artificial sunlight installed against the bamboo blind that blots out the unprepossessing view of the flats opposite and gives a real Californian glow to the whole uncluttered scene.

Really advanced gracious livers who study the form closely now spend summer on the coast at Broadstairs, commuting in Bermuda shorts to

the intolerable not-the-heat-but-the-humidity of the Stock Exchange. At weekends they take the whole family and the psychoanalyst off for a picnic to the midst of an impenetrable forest, where they tether the hunter to the nearest maple tree and begin mixing rabbit-punch martinis quick as lightning and barbecuing steaks. All the lean-jawed

men are fighting their seventh ulcer and wear tartan playclothes and black eye-patches, and all the adorably Edwardian-looking tiny tots are beating their permissive mothers' over the head. Admittedly this is post-graduate stuff and not for beginners, but we are surely on the way.

— SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### The Literature Gap

It is not only trafficking in names

That makes our cultural horizons broaden  
(We still have Eliot; we once had James.

They still have Isherwood; they once had Auden.)

Fashions, ideas, rhythms, loves and hates

Come surfing in upon each *nouvelle vogue*.

What though a slice of Roethke came from Yeats  
When California gave so much to Logue?

— PETER DICKINSON



## Laughter and Song

LET us remember, for Pete's sake, where we got ragtime, jazz and the honkytonk piano, not to mention the cinema organ and, if less directly, the ukulele. Without the gay night life of Storyville, New Orleans, our recreational music would still be stuck at "Because" and "Until," which shall be taken to include "Leanin'," "Tommy Lad" and "O Lovely Night." If Bubber Miley had never sent his trumpet grunts winging across the Atlantic we should still be stopping our ears to keep out a thousand British 'cellos playing "The Broken Melody." Let us reflect gratefully on all this. Our younger generation may be a rum lot, getting thrown over each other's shoulders in a confined space to the beat of "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?" But at least they go out for it. If they sat at home blundering through the piano selection of *Our Miss Gibbs* life would be intolerable.

Besides, look what America has done for their education. Take Geography. News items are constantly cropping up about British school-leavers who think the Isle of Man is off Folkestone, spell Ashton-under-Lyne with an "m" and haven't a clue how to pronounce Alresford or Cirencester; but ask them

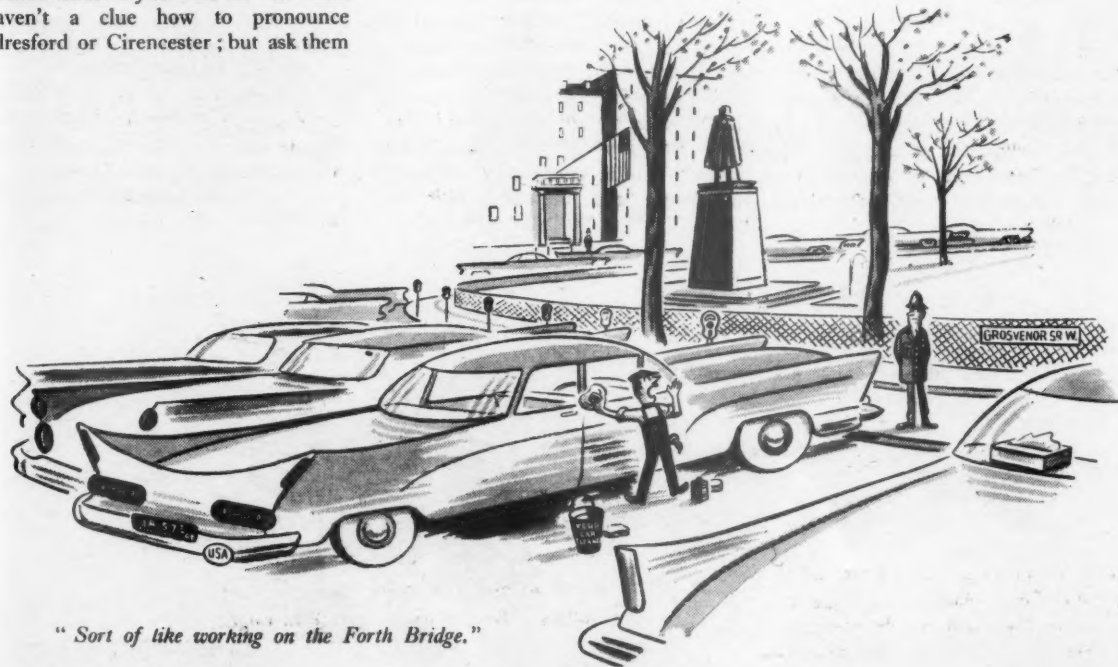
if the American railways system touches Chattanooga and they've got the correct answer in one. If only our native song-writers had put their minds to it any town in the U.K. with half a pretension to euphony would be as deeply etched on the juvenile mind as Buffalo and Chicago. Where are all the numbers about Weybridge and Sutton Coldfield? To say nothing of our counties. Carmarthenshire and Caithness don't get a look in; their view is obscured by Pasadena, Kentucky and Nevada. What's wrong with the Hartlepoons? To plead rhyme trouble is simply quibbling. Look what the Yanks did with Wabash. It's true that Edward German gave us "My Song is of the Sturdy North," but typical, misguided diffidence prevented actual mention of Bishop Auckland or Morpeth. What did E. Tesemacher and Landon Ronald do for their geographical heritage that stands up to what Rodgers and Hammerstein have done for theirs?

Nor has our political education been neglected. Comedians have contributed much, the cinema more. Bob Hope,

brought into our homes through imported TV series, has only to make a witty aside about Democrats for the young viewer to ask dad what they are and what's so funny about them. Ask our average fourth-former about Cavaliers and Roundheads and you'll be lucky to hear that one side had plumed hats and the other warts; but put a question on the American Civil War and you'll get Lee's surrender to Grant staged on the spot, with a minimum of argument about who shall take the John Wayne part. If you don't look out they'll carry the show right through to John Wilkes Booth, with you playing Lincoln.

Which brings us to the Theatre, and its ineffable debt to Broadway. It was the American playwright who opened the British theatregoer's eyes to the realities of life as it is lived. Threw out the coffee tables and French windows of Dodie Smith in favour of sinks, garbage cans and wet washing. Exploded once for all the quiet weekends of Esther McCracken's stuffy stock-brokers and showed us the stark truth of lecherous truck-drivers with prostitute daughters.

All this is a part of the liberal intellectual pattern so benevolently imposed



"Sort of like working on the Forth Bridge."

on us. The classlessness of American life is rapidly leavening our own. Look what has been done for the social status of the entertainer, particularly in the field of dance music. In the old days our upper classes thought a saxophone was something you snatched from a musician's hand, to general laughter, in the mad whirl of a Hunt ball's last Paul Jones; to the titled families jazz was still background music for the bordello. But along came Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, Count Basie, King Oliver, and the barriers fell. From the wreckage arose our own Lord Foley.

But our greatest debt is undoubtedly for laughter, more especially since our reimportation of Mr. J. L. Baird's popular invention. The gales of magnetic mirth blowing nightly through our sitting-rooms draw criticism from some, if only on the ground that they come from 7,000 miles away. Let us accept them as proof that America is teaching us her philosophy of the labour-saving life. Why, without them the British television audience, in its crusted old stuffed-shirt way, would still have been doing its own laughing.

— J. B. BOOTHROYD

might of England 1-0 in the World Cup at Belo Horizonte) is played only by the training colleges for overseas diplomats. This athletic apathy is reflected in America's exports of films, TV material, novels and merchandize. The hero is never a centre-forward, always a district attorney or a forthright leader of the Waterfront and Truckers' Union. The children, instead of wearing little M.C.C. blazers or Arsenal shirts, rush around in cowboy or Indian outfits. And we in Britain inevitably follow the example set by canned commercial entertainment.

How can we regain our pre-eminence? Obviously it is now impossible to foster unemployment with artificial stimulants. The public, spoon-fed and welfare-minded, would not accept hardships even in the interests of national sporting recovery. This is not to say that pockets of chronic idleness cannot be deepened and widened by discreet schemes of industrial discouragement: they can, and we might as a result pick up a useful half-back line or a few fast bowlers as a result. But better, much better, is the scheme now being put forward by the unions for progressively shorter hours. If we can get Britain to accept a thirty-hour week (without of course any compensating increase in television broadcasting) there should be enough boredom and despair to get the lads back on to the greens and recs.

And here American know-how must provide the answer. Teams of U.S. productivity experts are needed for every industry, always provided that they do not bring their detestable pigskins and baseball bats with them.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## Why Barcelona Beat Wolves (Official)

THOUSANDS of village greens and recreation grounds in Britain lie deserted on Saturday afternoons, winter and summer. Why? What has happened to our youth that it should now prefer the caff, the telly and rock 'n' roll at the Palais to those health-giving sessions with the muddled oafs and flannelled fools? There are two reasons—both American.

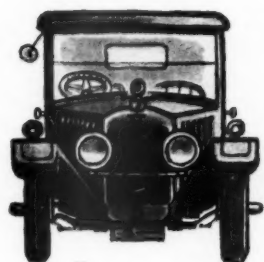
1. We have a shortfall of (or not enough) unemployment. Britain's long supremacy in sport was based on our native genius for converting bouts of enforced industrial idleness into soccer and cricket practice. Other countries indulged in revolutions: Britain learned to trap and shoot, to swing and keep the left elbow well up. Instead of pumping money into Five Year Plans and New Deals, we concentrated on team games. Unhappily, economic prosperity is catching; not for ever could we remain

aloof and indifferent to the new economics. On Keynes we grew rich and soft, and to some of us old softies the days of the hungry 'thirties when the unemployed dribbled home-made rag footballs from Durham to Downing Street seem bliss indeed. Now the goal-posts are untenanted, the wickets unoccupied. And it is very sad. Blame Marshall Aid and a long succession of American Loans.

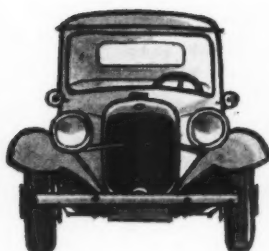
2. An excess of American influence. This is deplorable. Americans play baseball and gridiron football like mad for a few years while they are dating on the campus—and then retire. At twenty or twenty-one they are middle-aged guardians of democracy, endlessly busy with primaries and trust-busting and filibustering and grass-roots. The adult American plays no organized games. Cricket is virtually unknown and soccer (true, they once beat the

"Could someone please help me up?"

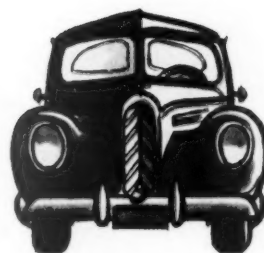




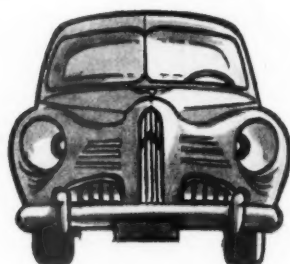
*Until the 1920s motor-cars  
were good, honest engineering*



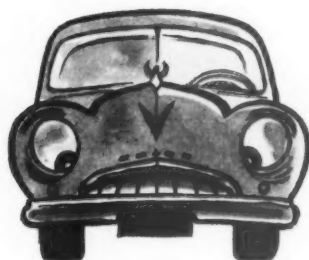
*but in the 'thirties the Americans started easing  
off the corners*



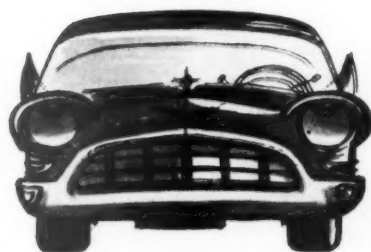
*in 1940 the "Stylist" was  
let loose*



*after the war the radiator got  
sinus trouble*



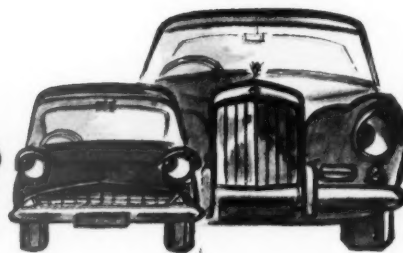
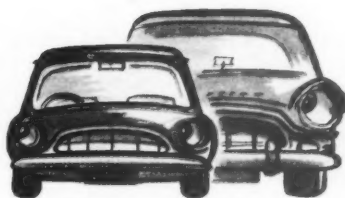
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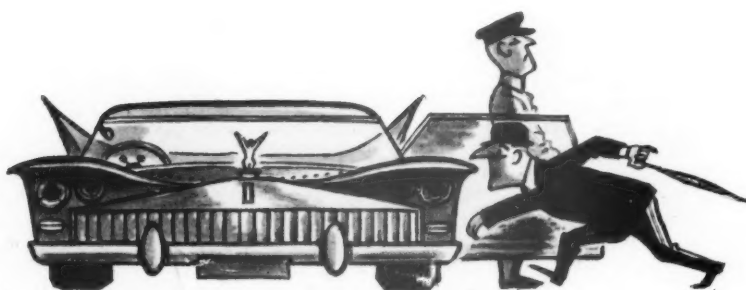


*and went Chinese.*



*We British are still a long way behind*

*Brockbank*



*but no doubt we shall catch up in time.*





9.

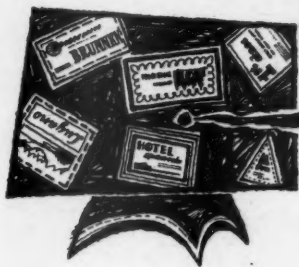
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# Have B.A.— Will Travel



Further jottings from  
the Diaries of A. J. WENTWORTH  
as recorded by H. F. Ellis

## 9. Back to Burgrove

IT is grand to be back here again, if only "to tide us over" as the Headmaster puts it. Well, I have tided them over a few difficulties in my time, and I dare say I can do so again. Of course it is not the same. One cannot expect to step back into one's old seat at the top of the Common Room tree on the strength of a few weeks' temporary work. Easy does it. "Tact, Wentworth old boy!" I said to myself as I shaved this morning. "Tact and diplomacy!" And be sure I shall need both. I had to hold myself in pretty tight directly after chapel when I was hanging up my gown in the old familiar cupboard. They've put in a new light-switch, I noticed: one of those pull-down things on the end of a long string, which always seem to me a bit—not suggestive exactly. Anyway I don't like them. But it wasn't that. It was a young fair-haired fellow, new since my time and takes French and History they tell me. "I say," he said, "you must be Thompson's stand-in. That's Mr. Rawlinson's peg, if you don't mind my telling you. He's a bit touchy, you know."

Well!

It was on the tip of my tongue to inform this young hopeful that the peg in question happened to be mine, that I had used it for twenty-seven years (ever since the Lent Term 1933, when old Poole gave up, to be precise), and that if anybody was trespassing it was Rawlinson. But my sense of humour won the day and I thanked him instead, saying with an assumption of the utmost gravity, "I am most grateful for the hint. You have saved me from an irreparable blunder." I then took my tattered old gown off the peg and hung it up again, with mock humility, on the furthest peg of all, right in the corner where the rolled-up map of Europe before the Great War used to stand.

"That's mine," the young fellow said.

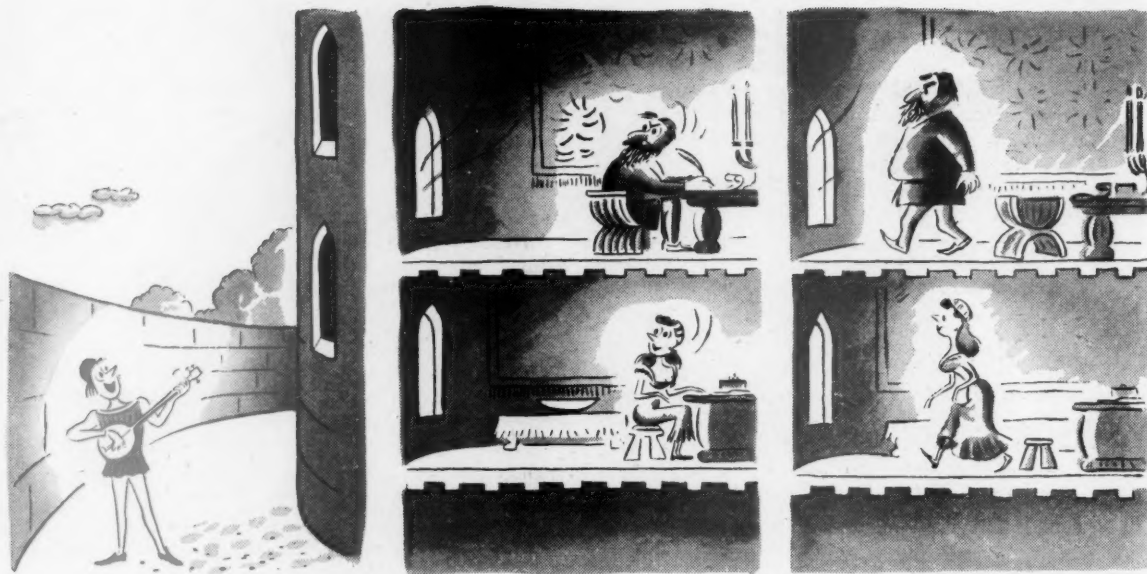
Still, all the familiar smells are there, and I snuff them up like an old war-horse returning to the fray. The Headmaster, in particular, has been most kind and welcoming. "It is like a breath of fresh air to have you back with us, A.J.," he told me, to which I replied, jokingly (though to tell the truth I was very much moved), "The School hasn't often been short of fresh air, surely, Headmaster?"—a reference to the central heating system, which was always going wrong in

my time. But he missed the point I think. He has grown rather fat in late middle age, and is no longer known to the boys as the Squid, so Rawlinson tells me. Apparently they call him the Atomic Pile, in their modern way, or "Tommy" for short, though his real name is, of course, the Reverend Gregory Saunders, M.A.

I had quite a shock on entering Classroom 4 for my first period with my old mathematical Set IIIA. The lower part of the wall, a sensible dark green in the old days, has been painted primrose, of all colours, with a lighter shade above, on some cock-and-bull theory that boys work better in cheerful surroundings. Nonsense! Boys work best when they have got their heads down over their books, with a master in charge who knows how to keep a firm hand on the young rascals, not when they are staring at fancy plastic emulsions. I suppose it is all part and parcel of turning the place into an "Inspected School," which happened as soon as my back was turned. We are to have a second visit from these gentlemen in a week or two, the Headmaster tells me, and much



"Oh yes, and a summons for an obscured windscreen."



good may it do us, or them. It is difficult enough in all conscience to teach boys the Theorem of Pythagoras, without being distracted by some Government popinjay sitting in judgment on the teaching methods of a man old enough (though by no means inclined) to be his father.

However, what was in some ways an even greater shock awaited me with IIIA. One's first duty, naturally, is to list the boys' names. Not that they are not already listed in the mark-book by one's predecessor, but it makes a start and helps one to get acquainted and so on.

"Call out your names, please, one by one," I told them, "beginning from the left of the front row."

"Do you want them in the form order, sir?" somebody asked.

"Naturally," I said. "That is why I said beginning from the left."

"The top boy sits on the right, sir."

I was thunderstruck. Boys at Burgrove sit at their desks in the order of the previous week's mark-lists, and in all my experience it has been the rule that the top boy sits on the left, the next boy on his right, and so on down the rows, ending with the bottom boy (who has to wipe the board and do other small chores) at the extreme right of the back row. Any other arrangement leads, in my opinion, to nothing but confusion.

"In my classroom," I said, "the top boy sits on the left. Now will you please get yourselves sorted out in the proper order as quickly as possible. And *quietly!* This is a classroom, not an elephant-house."

It is extraordinary what an amount of noise a dozen boys can make with their feet, but eventually, after I had given a pretty sharp look to a biggish dark boy whom I caught tweaking another boy's ear as he passed, they all settled down again, and I began to write their names in my book as they called them out.

"Henderson," I repeated, "Blake, Wrigley . . . With a 'W'?" I asked, looking up at the third boy in the row.

"Yes, sir. As in Wrekin."

To my astonishment it was the boy next to him who answered, that is to say the third boy from the *right* (there being seven desks in all in the front row, as I ought perhaps to have made clear), and I immediately demanded an explanation. "Has Wrigley lost his tongue?" I asked sharply. "Or why do you take it upon yourself to speak for him?"

"I *am* Wrigley," the boy said, looking genuinely bewildered.

"I see," I said. "Wrigley, did you not hear me say that you were to sit in your form order *beginning from the left*. Can you not count up to three?"

Wrigley simply stood there, looking helplessly about him, until the boy on the extreme right, who turned out to be Henderson, kindly put his oar in. "I think I can explain it, sir," he said. "Wrigley thought you meant our left, not yours. We all did, sir. That's why I'm over here where I am now, instead of being where I was when I started, if you see what I mean, sir."

It is most important that a master should be fair, as well as firm, and believing that there had been a genuine misunderstanding I said no more than "Very well, Henderson. But understand this, all of you. When I say 'left' in this classroom I mean *my* left and nobody else's. Is that clear?"

"What happens if you are speaking with your back to us?" somebody asked.

"Stand up the boy who said that," I ordered, in the voice I use only when I mean to have no nonsense. A fair-haired boy with glasses, whose face seemed vaguely familiar, rose to his feet a good deal more slowly than he will learn to do when he knows me a little better. "I only meant—" he began.

"Your name?" I said sternly.

"Mason, sir."

"Mason!" I repeated. "Indeed! Mason, eh? Well, well, well, well. Good gracious me! I see. How old are you, Mason?"

"Eleven and a half, sir."



There was a fair-haired boy called Mason here in the old pre-war days, with whom I crossed swords on one or two occasions. Not a bad-hearted chap, but a little too inclined to overstep the mark. Indeed at times he was guilty of downright insolence, which I am scarcely the man to tolerate. It would be odd, though not of course impossible, if I were now to have the doubtful pleasure of trying to cram the elements of algebra into his son's head.

"May I sit down now, sir?"

Some of the other boys laughed at this, and I very soon spotted the reason.

"You appear to be sitting down already, Mason," I said. "So I am afraid I fail to see the point of your question."

"Oh, so I am sir. I must have done it without noticing. What I mean is, may I have your permission to sit down, sir?"

If I had not been quite certain before, this sort of tomfoolery was enough to convince me of the boy's identity. I was anxious to have no unpleasantness in my very first period with HIA, but the sooner this youngster was put in his place the better it would be for all of us.

"Mason," I said slowly, "I believe your father—All right, boy, sit down now—your father was at this school, I believe, in the late 1930s. Is that so?"

"Yes, he was, sir. He told me all about you."

"Indeed!" I said. "That must have been very interesting. And did he tell you, among all the other things, that I was not a good man—"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Not a good man," I continued, raising my voice, "to try to be funny with? Do you happen to remember that, Mason?"

The boy had the impertinence to pretend to be racking his brains, until I brought him to his senses by rapping sharply on my desk with a pair of compasses.

"I expect he did, sir," he said hurriedly. "Sir, is it true, sir, that you once fell backwards into a kind of basket in the boot-room?"

"Be quiet, all of you," I cried. "We are wasting far too much time. Henderson, where had you got to with Mr. Thompson before he became ill?" I had forgotten, until the boy I was addressing told me his name was Sibling, that the form was still back to front owing to this misunderstanding about left and right, and there was a further tiresome delay while they all got themselves back into their original positions.

And even then, as Henderson reminded me, I had still to take their names down before we could get started.

"Henderson, Blake, Wrigley with a 'W'," I said briskly—"those I have got. Next?"

There was no reply, and I had to repeat the order. But the silence continued.

"Come along, come along, wake up!" I said. "You, there—what is your name?"

"Kingsley," the fourth boy said, looking frightened, as well he might. "But I'm not really next, sir."

"Then why are you sitting there, boy?" I thundered, beginning to lose patience. Upon my soul, I began to wish I had my old HIA lot back again, muddle-headed as many of them were.

"It's Potter who's next in the order really, sir," Henderson explained. "But he isn't here."

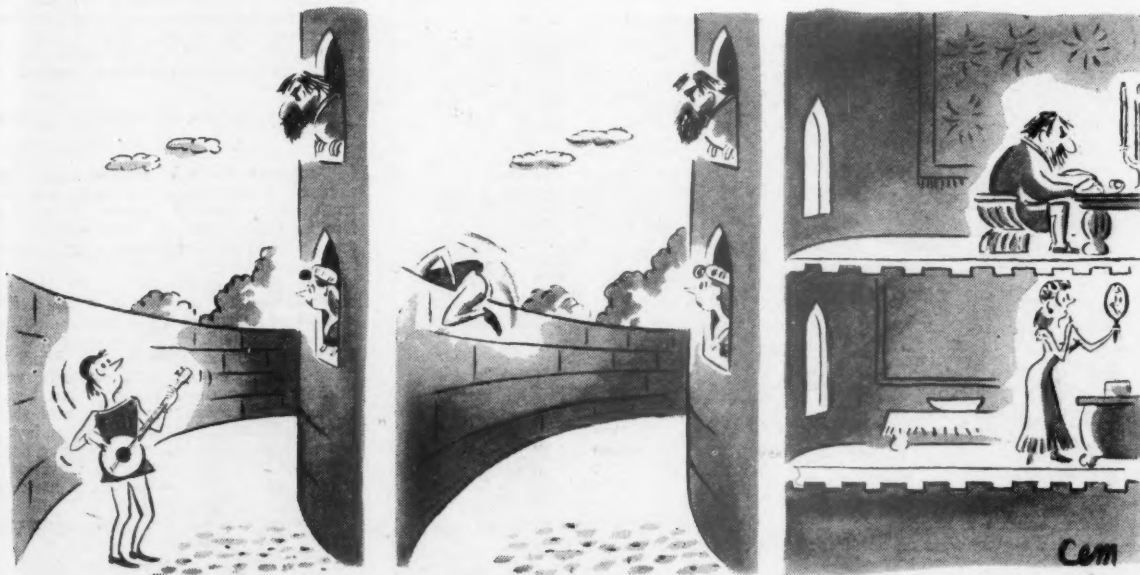
"Why is Potter not here?"

"I don't know, sir. I think he had to go and see Matron."

"See Matron and die," somebody sang out. I suspected Mason, but in my profession one has to be on one's guard against prejudice. So I let it go, and went on with my list of names as though I had noticed nothing. Which was just as well, as it turned out; otherwise I might not have got to the last boy before the bell rang for the end of the period.

We must really get down to it to-morrow. Still, the hour was not entirely wasted. As every schoolmaster knows, it is of the first importance to get on terms with one's boys. Let them see what they are up against right from the start, and then—off with a bang!

*Next Week: Getting the Feel of It.*



# Toby Competitions

## No. 109.—Brave New Island

ONE of the sensations of the 1960s proves to be the discovery of an uncharted island, about 200,000 sq. m. in area, midway between New Zealand and Chile and in the same latitude as the former, fertile and with a native population of some two million. Competitors are asked to give an extract from an encyclopædia's account of the first 200 years of the island's history following its discovery. Limit 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. The closing date for entries has been advanced. They must be received by first post on Wednesday, April 20. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 109, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 106 (Veni, Vidi not Vici)

Although the further education of women is a subject on which many people seem to have strong enough views to write to newspapers, it is apparently not one to deal with lightly. The synopsis of a talk to a Women's Institute by a woman who was known to have been to university, though it was not generally known that she failed her B.A., provided a limited entry. The winner of the *Punch* original is

JOAN C. HOPKINS

219 READING ROAD

WOKINGHAM, BERKS

1. Introduction: Further Ed. never wasted even if girl marries; wide culture and lively mind enable her to rise above dull chores, converse intelligently with husband, keep up with world events, help children with homework, etc.

2. University life: describe typical student's day: rise early, morning lectures, quick snack in canteen, study in library, hostel dinner, visit to friend's room where wide variety of subjects discussed eagerly into the small hours, over coffee.

3. Relaxation: numerous college clubs and societies, political groups, dramatics, sport. Dancing, dates—do not stress but mention meeting husband at college.

4. Examinations: stress difficulty, esp. B.A., point out dangers of overwork and worry in sensitive students.

5. Conclusion: university provides education for life, not training for a career. Breadth of outlook more important than letters after the name.

N.B.—If poss. go on until tea trolley arrives, but if Question Time unavoidable, fall back on (4) above.

## Runners-up were:

Nous about the house is all very well, but unless Woman ceases standing by the sink she will be seen sinking where she stands. Life is more than bedspreads, cheese-spreads and middle-age spreads, and to expand in other directions she must be able to answer questions like:

Can you open a current account at Jodrell Bank?

Are curates on motor-scooters the Ministry of Transport?

Is the gold reserve a second-team player for whom a record transfer fee was paid?

Does a shop steward serve drinks in a big store?

Is apartheid a craving for food?

Not all can have university training, not all can have degrees, but further education is every woman's right.

G. E. Harvey, 19 Franklyn Avenue, Crewe

Firstly, the unimportance of mere academic knowledge. Sporting activities: the social superiority of being able to say "when I represented the Varsity," even if you only achieved third reserve at hockey.

The advantages of a second language; when holidaying abroad, the thrill of asking a question in French and knowing you have been understood because you are answered correctly—in perfect English.

The prestige of wearing the university blazer, scarf and so forth.

The opportunity of finding a husband; may be a member of the aristocracy or, better still, a Yank at Oxford.

Alas, no such luck for poor me!

Finally, never put B.A. after your name lest you be thought a blue-stocking or a snob.

R. E. Ansell, 22, Sharmans Cross Road, Solihull, Warwickshire

Women's place no longer exclusively in the home but in the hall of residence of a university, college, or university college too—red brick, not red hands—gowns, not aprons—academic hoods as well as pram hoods and little red riding hoods—brain washing and nappie washing. Importance also of evening classes where after working one's fingers to the bone all day one can work one's brains to the bone all night. At the seat of learning study is not the only nor the most important pursuit—essential to enter social life—and sports which teach one the all-important lesson that non-success is not synonymous with failure, nor inability to acquire a piece of academic paper with lack of education, culture and *savoir-vivre*. Far better to have swotted and dipped than never to have swotted at all.

James S. Fidgen, 33 Perrycroft Avenue, Bristol 3

Women the equal of men as talkers and thinkers. Opportunities for more than just work; e.g. meeting people from best families (maharajahs, etc.), getting to know and understand opposite sex, being hostess learning to live, as far as possible within allowance. Unlimited by confines of one's faculty; delights of dipping into byways of learning, e.g. delicious lectures by Lord David, intelligently timed at 10 a.m., stamped indelibly on mind by discussions over coffee afterwards with brilliant young men. Teaches vital lesson of doing vast amount work in very short time. Broadens mind (according audience, relate either undergraduate throwing dress over wall who then couldn't get over herself or athletic pursuits—varsity matches, punting).

Enhanced status of the university woman: others listen.

D. W. Ball, 4 Ashburnham Gardens, Eastbourne, Sussex

## THEN AS NOW

This is not the only harbinger of the Channel Tunnel controversy. Sir Garnet Wolseley disapproved strongly of the project.



FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

From London to Paris in—just time enough to allow of a comfortable lunch and a quiet cigar on board the electric Plate-Glass Club Express.

*Punch Almanack 1890*

## French and English

WHEN Leslie Caron (alias Gigi) was a little girl she had the idea of perfuming herself on a permanent basis by boiling her underclothes in scent for ten minutes. It was an unsuccessful experiment; but not such an extravagant one as it seems, as her family owns the perfumery house of Caron. She told this story at the launching in London of a crusade to convert British women to habitual scent wearing. The Committee planning this missionary work, although diplomatically based on the French Embassy, is composed of fifteen perfumers, and so clearly means business.

Less French perfume is bought in Great Britain than in any other so-called civilized country; they therefore look on these islands as virgin territory. Such perfume as is sold is mainly bought by men as gifts. The amount bought by women who do not get presents is pitifully meagre compared with that bought by French women, who wear perfume from dawn until dawn and are brought up in the belief that the only way to be economical with scent is to be extravagant with it. Scent is cheaper in France; but not much cheaper. Frenchmen give more presents than Englishmen; but not many more presents. It is not really a matter of price but of prudence. In England, buying scent is regarded as difficult and dangerous. Wearing scent, as Lord Melbourne said of forcing flowers, is questionable.

A new book about perfume,\* written by an Englishman, unconsciously underlines the fundamental difference between the French attitude to scent and the English. The French attitude is matter of fact; the English attitude is coy. Aytoun Ellis's account of perfume from the ancient civilizations to modern times contains many attractive bits of social gossip: Diogenes bought scent to rub on his feet so that the aroma would drift up from the bottom of his tub and envelop his whole body; Nero had silver pipes in his golden banqueting hall to spray his guests with a fine rain of perfume; Napoleon used sixty bottles of Eau de Cologne a month, and his favourite soap was Brown Windsor; Alexander the Great was loved by women more than any other prince because his sweat was more odoriferous; Queen Elizabeth I, who had a bath once a month whether she needed it or not, set a fashion for wearing strings of pomanders round the neck—small balls composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other aromatics; and the lavish use of perfumes by both men and women in the 17th and 18th centuries was primarily a measure to mask unpleasant smells.

In 1770 a Bill was introduced to prevent women from imposing upon, seducing and betraying into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by their

\**The Essence of Beauty* by Aytoun Ellis, Secker & Warburg, 25/-



scents, paints, cosmetic washings, artificial teeth, or false hair.

*The Essence of Beauty* is informative on the classification of odours, the production of natural perfumes, the use of synthetics, and the sources of the principal ingredients of scents, with an interesting account of how the aphrodisiac animal ingredients are obtained—ambergris, musk, civet, castor—which are considered vital to most fine perfumes. But the final chapter on the choice of perfume and the art of make-up becomes uncomfortably coy, with such advice as "to leave behind her a haunting cloud of lovely perfume is the surest way to intrigue a man and to make the other woman envious." Concluding, Mr. Ellis writes: "The story of their use and abuse has now been told, and yet the question WHY women use perfume and make-up is still largely unanswered." Is this just English coyness, or does he really not know, after all he has written, why women wear scent? A telephone call to the French Embassy would get a matter-of-fact answer.

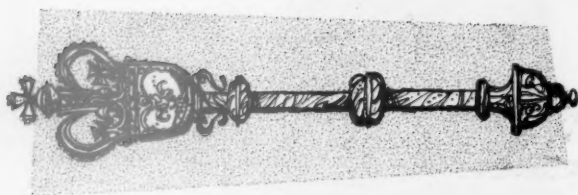
— ALISON ADBURGHAM

"I thought you married him for his money?"





## Essence



## of Parliament

**T**HE beginnings were pure comedy. The Chancellor was only just in time to hear his own speech and had the greatest difficulty in finding a seat to hear it from. After a lot of pushing and pulling they shoved Sir Edward Boyle off on to the floor and Mr. Amory was just able to squeeze on to the front bench. Then he looked around him and caught sight—of all improbable sights to catch—of Mr. Abse, the Socialist Member for Pontypool, in a grey top-hat. What was the meaning of that I cannot imagine. The pigeons laying eggs in the Treasury were as nothing to its improbability.

1846 and  
All That?

Is this 1846 all over again with a Conservative Government supported only by the applause of its Opposition, with Mr. Nabarro as Disraeli and Lord Hinchinbrooke as Lord George Bentinck? It is tempting to think so. There is something attractively appropriate about the casting. In the Carlton Club the Tadpoles and Tapers were muttering about "this damned Socialist Government." White's Club thought that they were in the White Highlands and had been sold down the river, and it is certainly true that as far as the speeches went the Government had a rough ride from its supporters, beginning with Mr. Cooper, the first back-bench speaker, and running right through the debate, and it is also true that the twelve bold abstainers registered their protest from the first. It is true that Mr. Nabarro's attack was far from knockabout and far from merely genial. It bristled with statistics and it bristled with good full-throated abuse. Yet I cannot quite see Mr. Nabarro as a king-murderer. Would Sir Robert Peel ever have fallen if Disraeli had had a handle-bar moustache? To stage a successful revolt it is necessary to be fanatical, humourless, intense—to enjoy being hated. Mr. Nabarro, with all his high qualities, has two fatal defects as a politician. He is a nice man and he has a sense of humour. He tries to be a fanatic, but with him, as with Dr. Johnson's Edwards, cheerfulness is always breaking in. There is always that fatal twinkle in the eye, the suspicion that he is calling attention to himself because he likes attention and not because he thinks himself the Messiah. Also he made his speech too soon and before the end the Chancellor's supporters were beginning to hit back—notably the Cromwellian Mr. Cyril Osborne, prepared to out-Cripps Cripps without apology. Lord Hinchinbrooke might try to raise the temperature again towards the end by complaining of the Chancellor's "waspish, donnish way," but the Chancellor had only to answer that he had "a great respect and affection for Lord Hinchinbrooke but he was sorry that he could not subscribe to his economic views," and this "Pekinese Parliament," as Mr. Peyton called it, was apparently content. Indeed it was too content, for amid all the talks about personalities and lower taxes not enough has been said about the dangerous risk that in future we are to pay in

accordance not with the letter of the law but with the Government's intention. That way indeed is the road to slavery.

Mr. Enoch Powell evaded controversy by taking refuge in history and philosophy. But there is of course an alternative leader for revolt. No one has a better excuse for heading one than Mr. Thorneycroft. He has a seniority of status over the other dissidents. He has behaved admirably since his resignation—has not factiously attacked his colleagues—has borne in silence some unworthy press jeers and has now lived to see the warnings through which he resigned largely justified. His was an able and honourable speech—an accusation that neither of the parties really intended to bring expenditure under control—that without such control inflation was inevitable—that Governments should at least tell the truth about their intentions—that the Chancellor was nearer to catastrophe than he realized. Was this perhaps then the banner of the clans?

The  
Thorneycroft  
Stakes

The reason why it was improbable was given in the next speech by Mr. Anthony Crosland. Mr. Thorneycroft's revolt, he showed, was quite different from that of Mr. Nabarro. Mr.

The Two  
Musketeers

Nabarro thinks that taxation can be reduced here and now. Mr. Thorneycroft thinks that it cannot be reduced. Was the real doctrine of Tory revolt then being preached from the Socialist benches by Mr. Crosland and Mr. Roy Jenkins? Stranger things have happened in this confused world, and since for all their persuasiveness there is clearly no remotest chance that the death-wish beetles on the Socialist benches will adopt the policies offered by these two gay Musketeers, why should not the Conservatives adopt them and they end up as the rising hopes of the stern unbending Tories? After all, they must end up somewhere, and that seems as good a place as another. But there are two obstacles in the way of the Up-Jenkins Gospel of more money for investment. The one is that, as Sir Edward Boyle brought out, the rest of their party have made it clear that if ever they can lay their hands on more money they are going to give it out in pensions. The other is that when they contrast the increase of production on the Continent with its lag in Britain they never clearly explain why it is that the Continent has increased its production by following policies quite different from those which they are recommending. Meanwhile one still, small voice from Northern Ireland, Mr. Stratton Mills, in an admirable maiden speech, was concerned not so much with the credit squeeze that has been as with the credit squeeze that is manifestly coming.

There were other intermittent little storms. There were Mr. Robens and Mr. Marples shouting at one another about the Commission that is to inquire into the Commission on Trans-

Ballet and  
the Africans

port—shouting at least loudly and rudely enough to prove that party differences are not entirely dead; and then there was eternal Africa. This time it was Mr. Driberg's demand that the Government should stop the Ballet from going to South Africa, but Mr. Butler replied that the Ballet played to black and white, and Mr. Jeger pertinently piped in from Mr. Driberg's side to remind the House that Equity had specifically voted in favour of such visits. Some people are going a bit dotty in their boycott mania—as, for instance, those who want to be beastly to the South African cricketers. Cricket in South Africa is looked on as an English game which the good Boer would not play, and to penalize the cricketers because of the doings of the Government to which they are almost certainly opposed is hardly sensible. The only cricketer who has played a part of any moment in South African politics is Mr. van Ryneveld, who sits in Parliament as a member of the extremely liberal Progressive party.

—PERCY SOMERSET

# CRITICISM



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Voters' Vade-Mecum

A Review of Elections 1954-1958. *The Scorpion Press, for the Institute of Electoral Research.* Cloth 12/6, paper 6/-

**N**EXT to untying knots, there is no activity about which so many people claim so much facility on so slim foundation as politics. I have always thought that if the validity of the British voter's X were to be made dependent on his being able to answer three elementary political questions, such as Which Minister answers questions about the National Gas Board? and What peers may sit in the Commons? and To which party does Major Legge-Bourke belong?, at least eighty per cent of the votes cast would be disqualified.

This 80-page book is, says its Foreword, "designed for everyone who is interested in politics, whether as a politician, citizen, commentator or student"; i.e. if you interpret the word commentator broadly enough, for virtually the whole of our articulate population. It should, in the first place, humble them with the realization of their ignorance. Beyond that, it should give them a more balanced view of what politics is about by showing, in the simplest way, what sort of governments the nations of the world have got, and how they got them.

This edition of the book, which is to be issued annually, contains details of all the main elections held throughout the world between 1954 and 1958. It also, for good measure, includes details of the 1959 election in Great Britain, and of the last election to have taken place in each country before the period under review, so that comparisons may readily be made.

Besides the bald figures for votes and seats, the results are also shown as percentages to save the reader's mathematics, and there are brief notes on the current political situation in

each country, the electoral system in use, and the nature of the parties involved.

One thing that stands out is that the British voter has a jolly easy time in comparison with most others. He has, pace Mr. Grimond and others, the choice between two parties, and he knows that the party winning the most seats will govern. True, in 1951 the Conservatives got 8% fewer votes than Labour and yet had twenty-six more seats in the Commons; but this is a phenomenon occasionally liable to happen in most practical electoral systems.

Compare it with the situation in the U.S.A., the democrats', if not the Democrats', nirvana. The Americans have had a Democrat majority in the House of Representatives since 1954; since 1958, the biggest majority for some twenty years. There has also been a Democrat majority in the Senate since 1952. But

have they had a Democrat government? Not at all. The President is a Republican, therefore so is the government. The President's influence is waning, then? By no means. At the 1956 election President Eisenhower actually increased his vote over 1952. No wonder one American adult in twelve to-day becomes mad enough to require hospital treatment.

Still, at least he has only two parties to choose from. How would he, or we, fare in Israel, where at the 1955 elections the choice was between Mapai (including Arab Lists), Heruth, General Zionist, Mizrachi and Hapoel Hamizrachi, Agudat Israel and Poalei Agudat Israel, Ahdut Avodah, Mapam, Communists and Progressives? If we knew what all those names meant, it is hard to imagine that we should know what they all stood for. Even in simpler cases such as Switzerland it must be hard for the simple elector to make up his mind between the Radical Democrats, who are less Radical than the Social Democrats, but more so than the Liberal Democrats, who are actually much the same as the Catholic Conservatives, only Protestant.

These are countries with a highly literate population. Imagine the situation in Ghana, with nine parties in the field and an electorate for the most part only able to vote for a pictorial symbol. Think of the unlettered Indonesian, who must choose between P.N.I., P.K.I., P.S.I.I., P.S.I., I.P.K.I., Masjumi, Nahdlatul-'Ulama, Parkindo, Partai Katholik, Perti and "18 other parties and groups," with such a highly sophisticated system of representation that the results of the elections held between 29 September and 30 November 1955 were not announced until March 1956.

At any rate, most of these parties have names indicative to some extent of their characters. This puts them one up on, for example, Ireland, where the Irish names of the parties conceal such labels as Sons of Destiny

## PRESENTING THE CRITICS



I.—W. A. DARLINGTON  
Theatre, The Daily Telegraph

(the present government), Irish Clan and Ourselves Alone.

I would make the *Review of Elections* compulsory reading in all schools and universities, all citizens to pass an examination in it before their names are added to the voters' register.

— B. A. YOUNG

#### NEW NOVELS

*The Affair*. C. P. Snow. Macmillan, 18/-  
*The Lotus Eaters*. Gerald Green. Longmans, 21/-  
*North West Five*. John Sommerfield. Heinemann, 16/-  
*The Hammering*. Hal Martin. Faber and Faber, 15/-

**T**HE AFFAIR is the eighth of the *Strangers and Brothers* sequence and returns to the milieu of *The Masters*. That ended with Crawford's election to the Mastership of the College; now it is seventeen years later and the next election is looming up. A cross-grained, left-wing physics Research Fellow has been deprived of his post for faking the key photograph in his thesis. A party supporting the reopening of the case slowly forms and, like previous groups in need of wise advice, relies on the narrator, Lewis Eliot. The curious narrative power, which tells what are often poorish stories so well, is nearly as gripping as *The Masters* and the authoritative monologue about power and intrigue in the University-Whitehall world is as convincing as ever. On the other hand, vital as Atomic Physics is, Sir Charles Snow's world often seems as formally, and as permissibly, contrived as Miss Compton-Burnett's, or Congreve's. Even if "the corridors of power" are quite unlike his description of them, his novels remain original and enjoyable and impressive and this is one of the best.

Once I had become reconciled to finding that *The Lotus Eaters* was yet another very long American novel that tried to pack in all experience, personal and national, I liked it more and more. When it has picked up speed, the novelty of its setting among archaeologists on a Florida pleasure-beach and its Huxley-like readiness for

high-spirited generalization carry you over the soft, pretentious bits. The anthropology is a change from the psychology which used to provide the intellectual framework of fiction. The archaeologists, who represent varieties of liberalism, are contrasted with different kinds of businessmen, including an exuberant public relations character whom we see from angle after angle, until what has begun as a self-righteous caricature of fast-talking shallowness is understood and pardoned and liked for frankness and kindness and then seen through yet further again, while the values of the dedicated scientists, as of the opponents of integration, look slightly different with each change of the narrative's stance. The novel falls short, where many intelligent and thoroughly worked-out American novels fall short, in style. Words are handled adequately but they can do so much more than they are ever asked to.

*North West Five* is a straightforward account of a love affair between a carpenter who has recently completed his National Service and a librarian whose mother thinks her too good for him. The core of the book is the difficulty of finding somewhere to set up a separate home. The boy's incomprehension of his trade unionist father's belief that the solution of his problem is political gives another dimension to a story which simply, but not shallowly, describes joy and frustration. The picture of the non-delinquent working-class and of the Kentish Town area is carefully drawn without being pretentious or patronizing. It has a kind of Utrillo quality that I found attractive and moving.

*The Hammering* is about an officer attached to an Indian unit in Syria who smuggles hashish to help a friend, gets polio, fights paralysis, suffers from brainstorms, runs a small, quiet transit camp and finally conquers the fear which has always been his mental climate. Some of the episodes give the impression of being included simply because something like them actually happened. In flashes it is vivid; but I felt that, after being planned from experience forwards, it ought to have been replanned from the reader backwards. Mr. Martin did not seem to have settled clearly what was going to be his novel's final shape—a pity, because he has something fresh to say.

— R. G. G. PRICE

#### OTHER NEW BOOKS

Gilbert Murray. Allen and Unwin, 25/-

So far as it goes, the autobiography which Gilbert Murray left unfinished could not be more delightful, recalling the joys and terrors of his boyhood as freshly and simply as Richard Church remembered his in *Over the Bridge*. He was born and lived until the age of eleven in New South Wales, where his father was a landowner and president of the Legislative Council; it is breath-taking to think of a Regius Professor of Greek being lost in the bush as a small boy, at the mercy of bushrangers, wild cattle, dingoes and very poisonous snakes. After that came Merchant Taylor's,

Oxford and the Chair of Greek at Glasgow, with which this charming fragment, written with great humour and modesty, ends, just as his long and happy marriage was beginning.

Half the book is autobiography, and the rest is made up of chapters contributed by his friends to illustrate his many-sided interests. It is a notable memorial, that brings a great man vividly to life.

— E. O. D. K.

*Blues Fell This Morning*. Paul Oliver. Cassell, 30/-

The blues have always been virtually the only form of self-expression of the American negro and are more fully represented on gramophone records than any other folk music, yet very few books have appeared on the subject. A folk music is created by its environment, and Mr. Oliver, a leading authority on the blues, has written a detailed and penetrating study of the social background from which they emerged and the meaning they hold for the negro audience, using as a basis quotations from three hundred and fifty songs by over a hundred and fifty different singers. Songs by men with such fascinating names as Barefoot Bill, Georgia Pine Boy, Bumble Bee Slim, Ramblin' Thomas, tell vividly of rough living and acute hardship far removed from the white's pictured fantasy of merry banjos plunking on the old plantation. The songs mirror sharply all aspects of negro life—love, hatred, ill-health, poverty, superstition, disaster and death, and present a tragic picture of suffering and misery, poverty and appalling living conditions.

This is the most comprehensive and intelligent book yet published on the blues and should be of great value to all those interested in folk music and sociology. It is well produced and contains excellent indexes.

— F. W. S.

#### CREDIT BALANCE

*The Dust of Combat: A Life of Charles Kingsley*. R. B. Martin. Faber, 25/-

Readable, sensible life of the archetypal Victorian. Too anxious not to bore; there is enough research and thinking behind it for it to have gained by being longer. Good on Kingsley as teacher and bridge of gulf between Science and Religion. Treatment of Christian Socialism a bit vague: account of Maurice's views too indefinite.

*Operators and Things*. Barbara O'Brien. Elek, 15/-

An astonishingly clear and persuasive first-hand account of an American businesswoman's six-month bout of schizophrenia. (In 1957 one American in twenty was "hospitalized" with schizophrenia.) This book, not read for curiosity's sake but for understanding's, might well do a power of good to those who are scared of madness.

*Cure for Death*. Victor Valentine. Sidgwick and Jackson, 15/-

Brilliant biochemist discovers ray which rejuvenate living beings until they can stay permanently at the prime of life. Unfortunately the process deprives them of mental maturity as well, with sad effects on the world when it becomes widespread. Entertaining fantasy without too many undertones.



"We want it because it's there."



## AT THE PICTURES

*Please Don't Eat the Daisies*  
*The Last Angry Man*  
*Once More, With Feeling!*

WHY not begin with the Royal Performance film, or the other one you've heard so much about, Kay Kendall's last? Because I honestly believe a simple comedy called *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (Director: Charles Walters) is better than either of them, and because I quite certainly enjoyed it more. I'd like to have much more space to explain why and compare the three in detail, but the main point now is to try to convey some idea of what I think is good about this one.

I don't say it's anything great or important, but it is intelligently written (script by Isobel Lennart from a book by Jean Kerr), well done and amusing, and it is full of what above all things impresses and pleases me—admirably observed, perceptively presented detail of human speech and behaviour. Perhaps I'm inclined to be too much impressed by this and give too much weight to it; but the fact remains that however good—or bad—a film may be otherwise, good detail of this kind makes it more enjoyable, and very great skill on the part of the writer, the director, the players and the technicians is needed to present it successfully.

In outline the story of this piece may sound empty enough. It has David Niven as a newly-appointed New York dramatic critic who after one or two wittily unfavourable reviews finds himself lionized, yields to the temptation to think more of being a wit than of being a critic, and begins to lose sympathetic touch with his charming wife (Doris Day) and children. The solution comes by way of some contrivance, involving the digging up of a forgotten early play of his own; but this is a small fault in a film that has so much amusing, sensible dialogue, a genuine idea, and many excellent players. And one sign of the cinematic merit of the entertaining detail that decorates every movement is this very fact: any attempt to describe it in words would give a wrong impression. This is a film, made to please people who watch it. Can you decide whether you'll like a painting, or a piece of music, as soon as you've read or heard its description?

The Royal Performance film, *The Last Angry Man* (Director: Daniel Mann), is really pretty undistinguished. It's good to see Paul Muni again, but all he has to do here could be done just about as well by any competent player with the right



[The Last Angry Man

Doctor Sam Abelman—PAUL MUNI

presence, and the whole affair is very obvious, over-simplified and sentimentalized. Mr. Muni appears as a general practitioner in a Brooklyn slum, and the point of the story is to show how the nobility of his character (he is more concerned about his patients than about himself) affects even the most hard-boiled—represented here by a TV producer (David Wayne) who has chosen, from pure selfish motives, to do a programme about him. The satirical bite of the scenes concerned with the background of TV and the patent-medicine manufacturer who has to be convinced that the programme will be good publicity is very welcome, and much of the first part of the picture is thoroughly entertaining; but then the tone becomes earnest, and everything is rubbed in—even the death scene. It's a pity there couldn't have been something better for Paul Muni's return.

And it's a pity there couldn't have been something better for Kay Kendall's farewell than *Once More, With Feeling!* (Director: Stanley Donen). This seems to me unsatisfactory in exactly the same way as Mr. Donen's *Indiscreet*, with which it has other points of resemblance. As that was, it is based on a play (by Harry Kurnitz), and remains thoroughly theatrical in tone and atmosphere and manner; as that did, it reeks of the rich American tourist's view of London. Plenty of the lines and situations are funny, but they are theatrically funny, implying the consciousness of an audience (e.g. "My wedding night, and who shows up? My wife's fiancé!"—which is in grain a stage

line, out of place in a film however farcical), and a great many of them are delivered as if from a stage. There are three-cornered dialogues with people standing quite still and facing slightly towards the camera as they punch their remarks over in a tone monotonously loud. Miss Kendall has the best of it, as is just; one or two beautifully comic little scenes entirely on her own. But as for the thing as a whole . . . It's time they gave Mr. Donen a real film to direct again—like *Funny Face*.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Showing with *The Last Angry Man* is a brilliant, immensely attractive short (20 mins.) in Technicolor, *The Golden Fish*, made by Jacques-Yves Cousteau and the photographer of *The Red Balloon*, Pierre Goupil. Sacha Guitry's *Versailles* is a sort of spectacular 1066 and *All That* without the nonsense, in which almost every celebrated French star appears for a moment or two as some historical character in a scene contrived more or less amusingly to remind us of the act or the remark he or she is best known for. Others in London are very miscellaneous: *The 400 Blows* (16/3/60), *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (20/1/60), *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* (30/3/60), *Can-Can* (30/3/60), *Lift to the Scaffold* (30/3/60), *School for Scoundrels* (6/4/60) and *Seven Thieves* (6/4/60).

One of the releases is *Conspiracy of Hearts* (2/3/60—113 mins.), but I enjoyed *Heller in Pink Tights* ("Survey," 6/4/60—100 mins.) considerably more.

— RICHARD MALLETT

## PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema." Odeon Cinema, Lincoln.

For South African readers: University College Library, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, from April 25.

"Punch with Wings." London Airport Central.



ERNEST MAXIN

CEDRIK MONARCH

(Make a Date

## ON THE AIR

## Date with Maxin

A NUMBER of questions occurred to me while I watched "Make a Date" (ABC) the other week. Some were idle, for it is not a programme to rivet the attention, some were inclined to be rhetorical, some might be asked of other current television shows, and although I shall probably never get answers to any of them I have decided to set them down here:

Has this half-hour of light music, "visiting" stars and feeble comedy so far justified the yelps of delight contained in the hoo-ha of advance publicity preceding its birth, considering that it is plainly about as novel as a second helping of mashed potatoes?

Would not Ernest Maxin, a big handsome chap who performs the familiar M.C. routine in the show, surely be a natural for the hero of one of those Western series if it weren't for his English accent, and is he not failing in an attempt at a Como?

Why are the aforesaid English tones so startling, if not because in such surroundings an Anglo-American accent is nowadays no longer just *de rigueur*, but natural?

Is my guess not shrewd enough, or are the innumerable members of Mr. Maxin's Orchestra really clothed in gold lamé? If so, considering that they all play very well anyway in marshmallow arrangements of the Glen Miller type, is there much to be gained by gaudy raiment and plush perches for the strings, brass and saxes?

How is it Ernest Maxin's Orchestra? Does he take this vast throng of instrumentalists out for one-night stands, in a fleet of buses? How long have they been working together? Did they start as a four-piece combo, gigging in church halls at a guinea a head and all the tea you can drink? Have they seen rough times together, trimming their reeds with razor blades and pawning the odd trombone, dreaming of the day when they would at last make the big time? Or should the billing really say "an orchestra conducted by Ernest Maxin,"

and can we probably see its members, on other nights, working with Jack Parnell, Bill Ternent, Peter Knight, Cyril Stapleton and company?

Am I odd to regard Cedrik Monarch's creation of a (to put it mildly) gruesomely namby-pamby resident comic figure as unfunny, despite some good gags?

Has not Mr. Maxin, a producer of considerable experience, been encouraged to take too big a leap forward in this his first venture as a star performer, considering that his singing and dancing are not really very distinguished?

"Reflections in a Village" (BBC) passed a pleasant half-hour a couple of Sundays ago, and would be worth repeating. As a semi-poetic documentary it was not quite in the first flight, for this is a particularly healthy department in television to-day; but it had mellow shots of the Kent village of Ickham by Stewart A. Farnell, a direct and uncluttered script by James Morris, examples of neat editing by James Colina, and some of those snippets of talk by clear-eyed country-folk which fall like pure cold raindrops among the normal, gaudier beguilements of the little screen. (One old village lady, staring boldly into the camera, said "I've never been to London and I don't want to go, and I don't like Ickham either." Half a dozen such moments in a year of viewing would be worth the price of a licence.) This film's main fault was its brevity: we were just getting the feel of the place when we had to leave. I suspect that Mr. Morris came back from Kent with three times the amount of material we were shown, and another quarter of an hour in his company would have been most enjoyable. Don't tell me somebody's thrown all those bits away.

"The Charlie Chester Show" (BBC) has been chosen to fill the gap left every Monday night while "This Is Your Life" is reverently rested: you may say, if you wish, that no show could hope for a more solemn honour. In the first bout of this tiresome frolic, however, it seemed to me that even Mr. Chester himself was having a hard time trying to look cheerful. He

deserves better material than this. I saw no merit in the work of his partner Eric Grier, but the studio audience did, and they count. I think they were lukewarm in their appreciation of the shovelling of ping-pong balls into waste-paper baskets and other kiddies'-party inanities, for the performance of which members of the public received such prizes as contemporary magazine racks. Are these larks palling?

—HENRY TURTON

## AT THE OPERA

## Macbeth (ROYAL OPERA HOUSE)

WHEN the early Verdi's done, when the battle's lost and won," I murmured. Although patched and retouched nearly twenty years later, the score dates from 1847, when Verdi was thirty-three and only a half-licked genius. There is some tendency among early-Verdians, a tenacious band, to turn the very weaknesses of the music to favour, prettiness and strength. This will not do.

For witches' prancings and banquetting pomps alike, Verdi had recourse to *allegro brillante* tricks which, although common form in their day (cf. Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Bellini), quickly outlived their usefulness. Even Lady Macbeth, in the main a terrifying personage to hear and see, descends to a Brindisi—as drinking songs are known in Italian opera—which might have been well enough for Oscar, the page in *Un Ballo in Maschera*—but comes odd'y out of her demonic mouth. While waiting to knife Banquo, the assassins in Act II sing a chorus that is damnably dainty; and, after the murder of Duncan and the grooms, the ice-creamy thirds and sixths which accompany Macbeth through the equivalent of—

One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,  
As they had seen me with these hang-  
man's hands

—are enough to make one flee the theatre. Swallowing hard, one sticks to one's seat. When the intrusive sweets and flippancies are deducted, enough remains of Verdi's dark, storm-shot power to make the night as memorable as used to be the case at Glyndebourne.

In the present production the Macbeths are sung and acted with splendour, strength and (so far as the Thane is concerned, at any rate) imaginative subtlety by Amy Shuard and Tito Gobbi. On the first night there was scope for a certain amount of niggling, especially as to Mr. Gobbi's intonation in the opening scene. Who cared? The one fact that matters, a fact beyond all niggles and hole-picking, is that he made a valid Macbeth figure. His impact was, indeed, Shakespearean.

The designs are by Georges Wakhevitch. The Macbeths live in a Glamis Castle that looks draughty to gale-point, sit on incongruously chic thrones and wear uncommonly complex and spiky crowns. The general effect is grand but undigested.

—CHARLES REID

## AT THE PLAY

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*  
(STRATFORD-ON-AVON)*The Billy Barnes Revue* (LYRIC,  
HAMMERSMITH)

PETER HALL'S idea of showing us Shakespeare's development through a sequence of six of his comedies is such a good notion that it seems ungrateful to quibble with his first offering. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is a very unequal play, but from recent productions we have a pretty close idea of how much can be made of it; and that is much more than is achieved by the new company at Stratford. Mr. Hall has presumably had his pick, and we expected acting of distinction; it is disappointing to find a lack of authority running right through the cast, and a general level of performance below that of many repertoires in my experience. The first night of a new season is not, however, the time to make sweeping judgments and next week, in *The Merchant*, we may easily see a great improvement.

Mr. Hall's alterations to the Stratford stage are so clearly right that one wonders, as always in the face of imaginative reform, why they weren't made long ago; a short apron now projects into the auditorium, with solid benefits to hearing and intimacy. He is probably right, too, to have installed a big revolving stage, though this production of his bears out my feeling that no producer, however restrained, can resist the temptation to play unnecessary tricks with such deceiving mechanisms. *The Two*

*Gentlemen* is a very straightforward comedy needing no great changes of scene, and the only result of putting it on a turntable is to make the cast form embarrassed little processions to get to the other side.

Renzo Mongiardino's sets are quite attractive, though Silvia must have lived very vertically in her bijou lodge cottage. The dresses of Lila de Lobili are much less helpful. Julia, having described the boy's clothing she will wear, comes out in a gym tunic as if about to play lacrosse. The Duke of Milan appears in the kind of joke-overcoat Flanagan is fond of, much too big for him and heavily trimmed with pantomime fur; it has the interesting effect of making Eric Porter, one of the best in the cast, actually move like Flanagan. And, most serious of all, Denholm Elliott as Valentine is engulfed in a wig that flanks his face with foolish tresses that make him a member of the Aguecheek family.

I thought Derek Godfrey a reasonable Proteus, though not sufficiently a cad, and I thought Patrick Wymark and Jack MacGowran, the Launce and the Steed, both had the skill in timing required by Shakespeare's clowns if they are to be tolerable. About the rest of the cast it is fairer to suspend criticism. As for Crab, the dog who played him seemed to have less interest in the drama than any animal I can remember on or off the stage.

*The Billy Barnes Revue* is an intimate production from America, its cast made up of four American girls and the same number of English boys. It is broadly sophisticated, has no very original ideas, is rather

hit-and-miss, and demands a more than elementary knowledge of Hollywood; on the other hand it has vigour and is unparochial. There is scarcely any dancing, which is odd in an American product. The neatest song shows thoughtful anxiety for the children of the audience. Are they at home? In bed? Alone? And though it is old hat, I enjoyed a sketch tracing the development of the Western. Joyce Jameson has a good serious song, "Too Long at the Fair," and Patti Regan has a personal success interrupting now and then to ask what happened to some film-star not immediately in the news. None of the talent dazzles, but Ronnie Stevens proves himself a lively and resourceful comedian.

## Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*The Wrong Side of the Park* (Cambridge—10/2/60), good play, with Margaret Leighton.

*Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be* (Garrick—17/2/60), bright cockney musical.

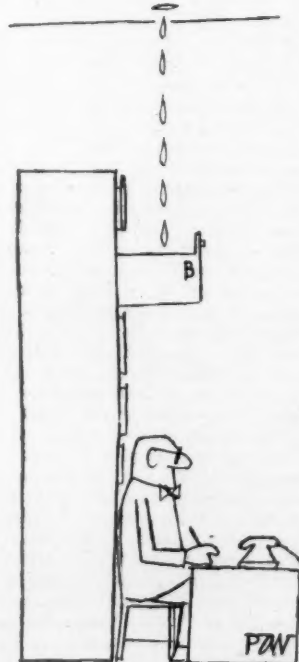
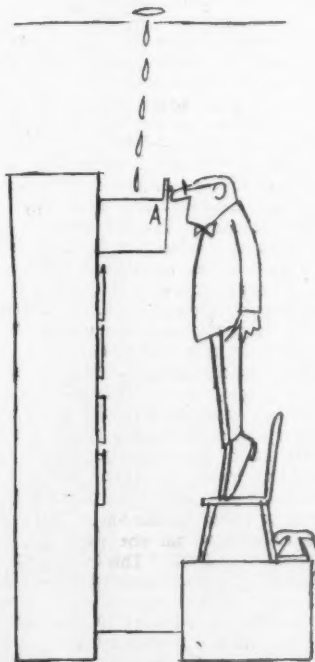
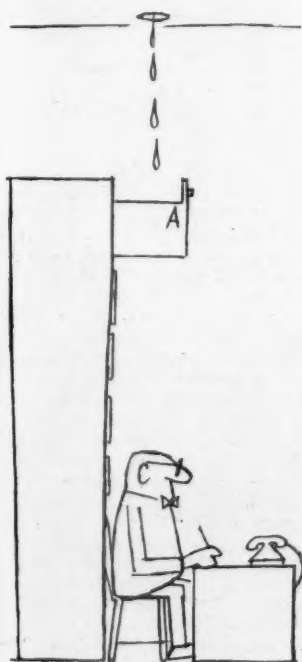
*Look Who's Here!* (Fortune—27/1/60), witty intimate revue. —ERIC KEOWN

## REP. SELECTION

Birmingham Rep., *The School for Scandal*, unspecified run.

Theatre Royal, York, *Henry IV Pt. II*, until April 16th.

Playhouse, Salisbury, *Gideon's Fear*, until April 16th.







Hugo—PHILIPPE NOIRET

Eléonore—FRANCOISE BRION  
(and FRANCOISE SAGAN)

(Château en Suède)

## AT THE THEATRE IN PARIS—I

Becket (MONTPARNASSE GASTON BATY)—*La Dernière Bande*—*Lettre Morte* (RÉCAMIER)  
*Les Nègres* (LUTECE)—*Château En Suède* (ATELIER).

I WAS a little disappointed in Anouilh's *Becket*, of which I had heard so much, although it is strikingly produced and contains a memorable portrait of Henry II; but Becket's character has been so simplified that he emerges merely as a charming young courtier, gay and affectionate, and not as the immensely able man of business of history. The result, though he is taken well enough in this lightweight fashion by Bruno Cremer, is that he is much overshadowed by Henry, who is played with great power by Daniel Ivernel. M. Ivernel's looks are a direct cross between those of Lord Beaverbrook and a young bull, and his impression of Henry as a neurotic, easily frightened under his veneer of toughness, without diplomacy but with animal shrewdness and a direct approach to everything, is fascinating.

Considering the play is about only two men—for all the rest are decorations—and only illustrates one change of mood, when Becket on being made Archbishop substitutes God for Henry at the head of his list of personal priorities, it is a shade long; but even so it is too interesting to be missed, and it is beautifully mounted by Jean-Denis Malclès, whose use of horses strapped to their riders is brilliantly effective.

Having missed Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's*

*Last Tape* in London last year, I was glad to be able to pick it up in Paris in its author's own French translation. This brief one-act play, with its single character, an old, desiccated man seeking his youth in tape-recorded extracts from his memoirs, is strangely moving. He is so tetchily senile that he cannot believe the firm voice coming from the machine and recounting the delights of a love affair was once his own. The contrast startles, and R.-J. Chauffard holds the stage in a clever performance. Mr. Beckett has found a new channel for *la recherche du temps perdu*. *La Dernière Bande* is a piece of high imagination. At the Récamier it runs well in harness with another one-act play, *Lettre Morte*, by Robert Pinget, in which another sad man whose son has been dead for thirty years builds up an elaborate and touching make-believe that he is about to get a letter from him. This piece could be improved by cutting, but it has quality, and Henri Virlogeux shines in it.

Jean Genet, who gets a rich living from France, is not the man to be deterred by that from embarrassing her as much as he can. *Les Nègres* can hardly be called a constructive contribution to the Algerian problem. It is a ritualistic fantasy, a kind of black mass set around the mock-sacrifice of a white, its racial hysteria inspired by the

most venomous and primitive hatreds. The action is broken up by dances, chants and recitations. There are moments of decided power, and passages of undoubted beauty, for M. Genet is recognizably a poet, even if a warped one; but *Les Nègres* is cruel, blasphemous, and savagely unfair to all the white idealists who have given themselves to Africa. It is vigorously acted by a negro company, whose speech might be better, but Roger Blin's production is visually interesting. I was surprised to find an all-white audience.

All the short cuts to success seem open to that remarkable young woman, Françoise Sagan. Having proved her mastery of the light novel, she now turns to the stage and immediately shows herself possessed of an enviable theatrical sense. For a first play *Château En Suède* is astonishingly mature; its wit sparkles, its situations flow smoothly out of one another, its ironies are adult. An eccentric family of Swedish aristocrats is snowed up for the winter months in a remote castle where to please a fairly dotty sister everyone dresses from the eighteenth century. Mlle. Sagan delicately dissects their characters under the special pressure of boredom, from which they seek relief in malice, amorous intrigue and schnapps, and she handles with great effect the savagery simulated by the head of the house in order to frighten away a tiresome guest. The play is short and crisp, and has the cast it deserves. Claude Rich, a young actor who seems always to be caught up in an exquisite private joke, is delightful as the most irresponsible of the house-party. Philippe Noiret is admirable as the solid host, and Henri Piégay distinguishes himself as a humourless young man fatally under the spell of his own charm. The production, by André Barsacq, is a model.

—ERIC KEOWN



(Becket)

Le roi Henry II—DANIEL IVERNEL

# Another Season, Another Time

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

AT the end of last season, after a string of exceptionally (for me) low scores,\* I announced that I was retiring from cricket. This bombshell nearly took my colleagues by surprise; it was two or three seconds before they managed to swallow immediate emotion and comment on the effect of my decision on the club's future.

"You'll stand umpire, I hope?" said Marks, a fellow who would bowl all day and both ends if you would let

\* In detail they were 0, 3, 2, 0, 0 and 0: I usually manage something in the higher digits.

him, and with me out of the way might manage it.

"Give you ten bob for your pads," said MacDooley, a big, tough, extramural type whose batting is contemptuous of either style or umpires' decisions.

"Well," said Years, "you've had a good run for your money, and I mean run."

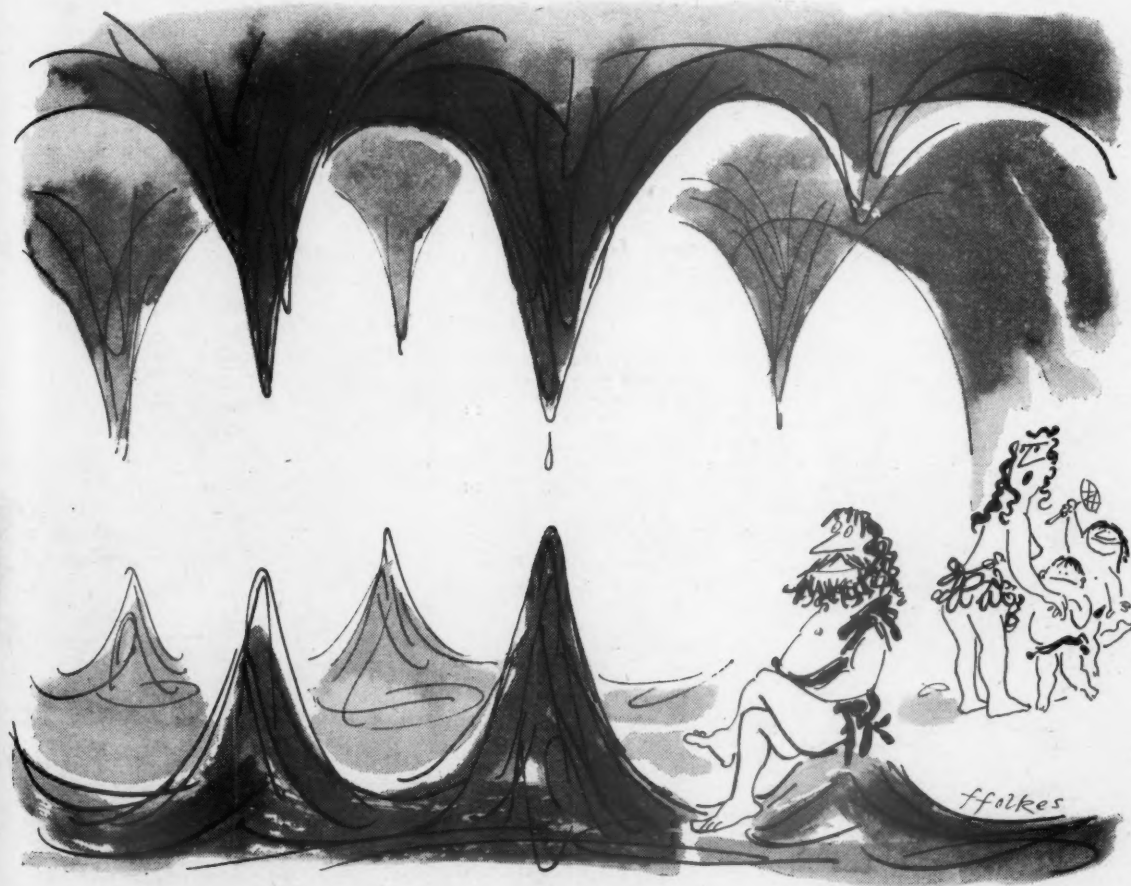
I put most of this banter down to the team's momentary uneasiness. After all, they had suddenly to face a future in which they had only one recognized opening bat and two pairs of batting

gloves, and at the back of their minds was the question "Will this mean that his wife won't help with the teas?" I understood.

That was last September. In November the club held its annual jumble sale and my contribution to the rubble was carefully scrutinized. The books and magazines were swept aside in the rush to get at my cricketing props—the bat, gloves, pads and bag.

"So it's true," said Marks, "you're definitely packing it in?"

"I don't usually go back on my word," I said.



"Haven't you anything better to do?"

"Well, you know best," said MacDooley. "If you're not up to it, you're not up to it. We ought to price your bat at five bob at least."

"That's a bob for every run," said Sanders.

"Rubbish," said Marks, "why, the edges alone are worth more than that. Remember that winning snick against Halbury?"

"It's worth thirty shillings of anybody's money," I said.

In the end the whole job lot went for twenty-five, including my cap. I was happy to see that a young fellow called Byers acquired them. A promising batsman, Byers. Too much right hand, of course, like most Old Carthusians, but *promising*. It was good to hand on the torch to such a likely lad.

In February the club held its annual dinner, and I attended with some embarrassment. I am not one who enjoys valedictory orations or sentimental encomiums, but I took the trouble to prepare a little speech of acknowledgment, a few words belittling my efforts for the club and comparing my role with that of such tryers as Freddie Brown, Kenyon of Worcestershire, Simpson of Notts, and Craig of Australia. Four speeches were delivered, all of them wordy and trite in the extreme, and there was no mention of changes in personnel. Then

Marks (just elected vice-captain. Good Heavens!) got up to propose The Visitors. He had a word or two to say about all the chief guests, about their contribution to cricket, their renown, their scores and wickets and so on. Then he mentioned me:

"Finally," he said, "I have to mention our most recent 'guest.' The club will learn with regret that Mr. H. has resigned from his position as deep square-leg or deep extra-cover (laughter) and will recall that he resigned from adjacent positions in 1956, 1957, 1958 and 1959. This year, it seems, his intentions are strictly honourable. He really does mean to keep out of the way. And so, gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink a toast to our former opening bat, coupling with it the name of any club to which Mr. H. may transfer his allegiance . . ."

As a matter of fact I had already decided in my own mind to seek pastures new. Whiteheath is not an ideal club: it is, I regret to say, torn by dissension and riddled with cliques. I have known the time when three players whose wives are not on the tea list have all been selected for the first eleven in an important "social" game—say the annual fixture with Winsley Green. And I happen to know that MacDooley (right arm slow straight) was preferred to me (right arm googly) several times last season merely because

his car seats five—seven if you count the boot.

The club I had my eye on was none other than Winsley Green, a decent lot of chaps without an ounce of starch among them, and goodish cricketers into the bargain. I thought I should at last find cricketing happiness with them; happiness *and runs*, for it had become increasingly obvious that the difficult "atmosphere" at Whiteheath was chiefly responsible for my moderate form with the bat.

In March I approached the Winsley secretary in the "Bricklayer's Arms" and my tentative overtures were warmly welcomed. "Glad to have you, old chap," said this fellow Taffs. "Quite an exodus, isn't it?"

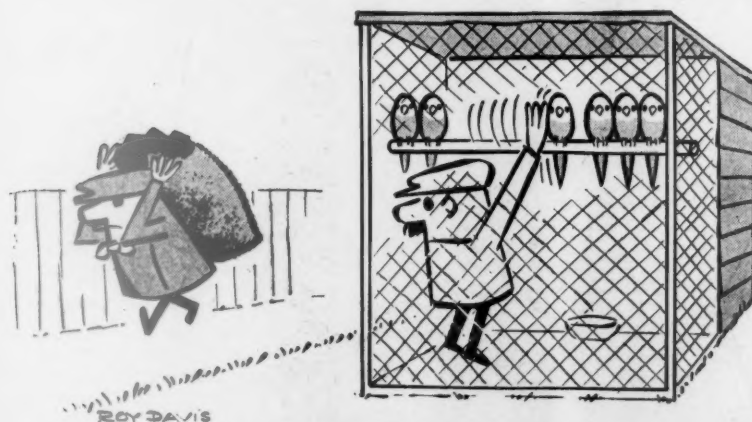
It turned out that young Byers, Marks and Years were also joining Winsley—possibly, I supposed, because there had been too many resignations at Whiteheath for the club to remain in the first flight of village clubs. Naturally enough I demanded some explanation from the boy Byers. I explained that I should never have allowed my equipment to go to a member of a rival club, that he was in honour bound to return it to the Whiteheath club. I offered him twenty-five shillings. Unfortunately he had already disposed of his loot. And at a decent profit, of that I was certain.

In a fortnight's time Whiteheath play their first game of the season, and I have decided to let my name go forward for selection. With Byers, Marks and Years out of the running I feel it my duty to stick by the old club one more season and see them out of trouble. Then I shall pack it in. I dare say I shall get used to the club tackle after a time. And it will be interesting to see what MacDooley makes of my bat, gloves, pads, bag and cap.

☆

#### Pardon My Metaphor

"Taurus (April 21—May 20).—Stable conditions in working life enable you to let go of the reins."—*Katina and the Stars: Evening Standard*



ROY DAVIS

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